<3662152176001O

<3662152176001O

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

T. O. angl. 284-26

Oc 10 2777 2

B. L. angl 2.

THE

BRITISH POETS.

VOL. XXVI.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOLUME I.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minerva's deſcent to Ithaca.

THE poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulyſſes in his dominions. He had now remained ſeven years in the iſland of Calypſo, when the gods aſſembled in council, propoſed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpoſe, it is concluded to ſend Mercury to Calypſo, and Pallas immediately deſcends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the ſhape of Mentes king of the Taphians; in which ſhe adviſes him to take a journey in queſt of his father Ulyſſes, to Pylos and Sparta, where Neſtor and Menelaus yet reigned: Then, after having viſibly diſplayed her divinity, diſappears.

The ſuitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius ſings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a ſtop to the ſong. Some words ariſe between the ſuitors and Telemachus, who ſummon the council to meet the day following.

ЛИБУШОНКА

ДОСКИ

BOOK I.

THE man, for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muſe! reſound;
Who, when his arms had wrought the deſtin'd fall
Of ſacred Troy, and raz'd her heav'n-built wall,
Wand'ring from clime to clime, obſervant ſtray'd,
Their manners noted, and their ſtates ſurvey'd.
On ſtormy ſeas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal ſhore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day:
The god, vindictive, doom'd them never more
(Ah men unbleſs'd!) to touch that natal ſhore.
Oh ſnatch ſome portion of theſe acts from fate,
Celeſtial Muſe! and to our world relate.
Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the wars of ten long years ſurviv'd,
And 'ſcap'd the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulyſſes, ſole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coaſt,
Deplor'd his abſent queen, and empire loſt.
Calypſo in her caves conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years diſcloſe
The day predeſtin'd to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is giv'n by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait:
At length their rage the hoſtile pow'rs reſtrain,
All but the ruthleſs monarch of the main.

But now the god, remote, a heav'nly gueſt,
In Æthiopia grac'd the genial feaſt,
(A race divided, whom with ſtopping rays
The riſing and deſcending ſun ſurveys);
There on the world's extremeſt verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and pray'r in pomp preferr'd,
Diſtant he lay: While, in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the gods:
Th' aſſembly thus the ſire ſupreme addreſt,
Ægyſthus' fate revolving in his breaſt,
Whom young Oreſtes to the dreary coaſt
Of Pluto ſent, a blood polluted ghoſt.
Perverſe mankind! whoſe wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on abſolute decree;
All to the dooming gods their guilt tranſlate,
And follies are miſcall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his luſt Ægyſthus gave the rein,
Did fate, or we, th' adult'rous act conſtrain?
Did fate, or we, when great Atrides dy'd,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I ſent, while yet his ſoul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;
To warn the wretch, that young Oreſtes, grown
To manly years, ſhould re-aſſert the throne:
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontroll'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which heav'n foretold.
Here paus'd the god; and penſive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes.
O thou! from whom the whole creation ſprings,
The ſource of pow'r on earth deriv'd to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!

But grief and rage alternate wound my breaſt
For brave Ulyſſes, ſtill by fate oppreſt.
Amidſt an iſle, around whoſe rocky ſhore
The foreſts murmur, and the ſurges roar,
The blameleſs hero from his wiſh'd-for home
A goddeſs guards in her inchanted dome.
(Atlas her ſire, to whoſe far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the ſtarry vault, and prop the ſpheres)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who ſooths to dear delight his anxious mind:
Succeſsleſs all her ſoft careſſes prove,
To baniſh from his breaſt his country's love;
To ſee the ſmoke from his lov'd palace riſe,
While the dear iſle in diſtant proſpect lies,
With what contentment could he cloſe his eyes?
And will omnipotence neglect to ſave
The ſuff'ring virtue of the wiſe and brave?
Muſt he, whoſe altars on the Phrygian ſhore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy pow'r,
Be doom'd the worſt of human ills to prove,
Unbleſs'd, abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?
Daughter! what words have paſs'd thy lips unweigh'd?
(Reply'd the Thund'rer to the martial maid).
Deem not unjuſtly by my doom oppreſt
Of human race the wiſeſt and the beſt.
Neptune, by pray'r repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant-ſon,
Whoſe viſual orb Ulyſſes robb'd of light;
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!

Him young Thooſa bore, (the bright increaſe
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the ſounds and ſeas);
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty bleſs'd,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compreſs'd.
For this, the god conſtrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeleſs exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but ceaſe to mourn;
Let all combine t' atchieve his wiſh'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath ſhall now refrain,
Or thwart the ſynod of the gods in vain.
Father and king ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
Since all who in th' Olympian bow'r reſide
Now make the wand'ring Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' * Atlantic iſle repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypſo's court,
The ſanction of th' aſſembled pow'rs report:
That wiſe Ulyſſes to his native land
Muſt ſpeed, obedient to their high command.
Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of ſea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine, to form his green, unpractis'd years,
In ſage debates; ſurrounded with his peers,
To ſave the ſtate; and timely to reſtrain
The bold intruſion of the ſuitor-train;
Who croud his palace, and with lawleſs pow'r
His herds and flocks in feaſtful rites devour.
To diſtant Sparta, and the ſpacious waſte
Of ſandy Pyle, the royal youth ſhall haſte.
There, warm with filial love, the cauſe inquire
That from his realm retards his god-like ſire;

* Ogygia.

Deliv'ring early to the voice of fame
The promiſe of a great, immortal name.
She ſaid: The ſandals of celeſtial mold
Fledg'd with ambroſial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with theſe ſublime ſhe ſails
Th' aerial ſpace, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to ſoar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy jav'lin bore,
Pond'rous and vaſt; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight ſhe bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca deſcends.
Her lineaments divine, the grave diſguiſe
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes;
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land);
A glitt'ring ſpear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heav'n-born maid
Enormous riot and miſrule ſurvey'd.
On hides of beeves, before the palace-gate,
(Sad ſpoils of luxury), the ſuitors ſat.
With rival art, and ardour in their mien,
At cheſs they vie, to captivate the queen;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,
A menial train the flowing bowl ſupply:
Others, apart, the ſpacious hall prepare,
And form the coſtly feaſt with buſy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celeſtial ſweet, with godlike grace
Amid the circle ſhines: But hope and fear
(Painful viciſſitude!) his boſom tear.

Now imag'd in his mind, he ſees reſtor'd,
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppreſſors fly the vengeful ſword.
While his fond ſoul theſe fancied triumphs ſwell'd,
The ſtranger-gueſt the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a viſitant ſo long ſhould wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Inſtant he flew with hoſpitable haſte,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.
Stranger! whoe'er thou art, ſecurely reſt,
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly gueſt:
Approach the dome, the ſocial banquet ſhare,
And then the purpoſe of thy ſoul declare.
Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown celeſtial leads.
The ſpear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
Againſt a column, fair with ſculpture grac'd;
Where ſeemly rang'd in peaceful order ſtood
Ulyſſes' arms, now long diſus'd to blood.
He led the goddeſs to the ſov'reign ſeat,
Her feet ſupported with a ſtool of ſtate;
(A purple carpet ſpread the pavement wide);
Then drew his ſeat, familiar, to her ſide;
Far from the ſuitor-train, a brutal croud,
With inſolence, and wine, elate and loud:
Where the free gueſt, unnoted, might relate,
If haply conſcious, of his father's fate.
The golden ew'r a maid obſequious brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious water the bright vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver, of capacious ſize:

They waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
They heap the glitt'ring caniſters with bread:
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Delicious wines th' attending herald brought;
The gold gave luſtre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feaſt,
In ruſh'd the ſuitors with voracious haſte:
Marſhall'd in order due, to each a few'r
Preſents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ew'r.
Luxurious then they feaſt. Obſervant round
Gay ſtrippling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to meaſur'd airs the mazy dance:
To Phemius was conſign'd the chorded lyre,
Whoſe hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
Phemius, whoſe voice divine could ſweeteſt ſing
High ſtrains, reſponſive to the vocal ſtring.
Meanwhile, in whiſpers to his heav'nly gueſt,
His indignation thus the prince expreſt.
Indulge my riſing grief, whilſt theſe (my friend)
With ſong and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly ſweet the lays,
When, for the dear delight, another pays.
His treaſur'd ſtores theſe cormorants conſume,
Whoſe bones, defrauded of a regal tomb
And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop ſo blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and ſtiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear, would wing their flight,
And curſe their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.

But ah I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled,
And hope, too long with vain deluſion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy courſe, recite,
And to what ſhip I owe the friendly freight?
Now firſt to me this viſit doſt thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's ſocial train?
All who deſerv'd his choice, he made his own,
And curious much to know, he far was known.
My birth I boaſt (the blue-ey'd virgin cries)
From great Anchialus, renown'd and wiſe:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whoſe bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:
A duteous people, and induſtrious iſle,
To naval arts inur'd, and ſtormy toil.
Freighted with iron from my native land,
I ſteer my voyage to the Brutian ſtrand;
To gain by commerce, for the labour'd maſs,
A juſt proportion of refulgent braſs.
Far from your capital my ſhip reſides
At Reithrus, and ſecure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and ſhade the deeps below.
Thence to reviſit your imperial dome,
An old heritary gueſt, I come:
Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unſpotted, and its early date;
Who, preſs'd with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural ſhade prefers;

Where, ſole of all his train, a matron ſage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble ſteps from marſhalling his vines
Returning ſad, when toilſome day declines.
With friendly ſpeed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulyſſes' ſafe return I came:
But ſtill the frown of ſome celeſtial pow'r
With envious joy retards the bliſsful hour.
Let not your ſoul be ſunk in ſad deſpair;
He lives, he breathes this heav'nly, vital air,
Among a ſavage race, whoſe ſhelfy bounds
With ceaſeleſs roar the foaming deep ſurrounds.
The thoughts which roll within my raviſh'd breaſt,
To me, no ſeer, th' inſpiring gods ſuggeſt;
Nor ſkill'd, nor ſtudious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the ſky.
Yet hear this certain ſpeech, nor deem it vain;
Though adamantine bonds the chief reſtrain,
The dire reſtraint his wiſdom will defeat,
And ſoon reſtore him to his regal ſeat.
But, gen'rous youth! ſincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For ſure Ulyſſes in your look appears,
The ſame his features, if the ſame his years.
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece aſſembled ſtemm'd the tides of Troy;
But parting then for that deteſted ſhore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.
To prove a genuine birth, (the prince replies),
On female truth aſſenting faith relies;
Thus manifeſt of right, I build my claim
Sure founded on a fair maternal fame,

Ulyſſes' ſon: But happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the ſtorms which toſs the great!
Happier the ſon, whoſe hoary ſire is bleſt
With humble affluence, and domeſtic reſt!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!

To whom, with aſpect mild, the gueſt divine:
Oh true deſcendent of a ſcepter'd line!
The gods a glorious fate, from anguiſh free,
To chaſte Penelope's increaſe decree.
But ſay, yon jovial troop, ſo gaily dreſt,
Is this a bridal, or a friendly feaſt!
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unſeemly flown with inſolence and wine;
Unwelcome revellers, whoſe lawleſs joy
Pains the ſage ear, and hurts the ſober eye.

Magnificence of old (the prince reply'd)
Beneath our roof with virtue could reſide;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
Who now (ſo heav'n decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter conſtraint! erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hoſtile plain,
Had fall'n, ſurrounded with his warlike train;
Or ſafe return'd, the race of glory paſt,
New to his friends embrace, had breath'd his laſt!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes would raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles, to record his praiſe;
His praiſe, eternal on the faithful ſtone,
Had with tranſmiſſive honour grac'd his ſon.
Now ſnatch'd by harpies to the dreary coaſt,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory loſt:

Vaniſh'd at once! unheard-of, and unknown!
And I his heir in miſery alone.
Nor for a dear, loſt father only flow
The filial tears, but wo ſucceeds to wo:
To tempt the ſpouſeleſs queen with am'rous wiles,
Reſort the nobles from the neighb'ring iſles;
From Samois, circled with th' Ionian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' ſylvan reign:
Ev'n with preſumptuous hope her bed t' aſcend,
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She ſeems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart deteſting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My ſtores in riotous expence devour,
In feaſt and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.
With tender pity touch'd, the goddeſs cry'd:
Soon may kind heav'n a ſure relief provide!
Soon may your ſire diſcharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppreſſors rue!
Oh! in that portal ſhould the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen ſpear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd;
(For ſo of old my father's court he grac'd,
When ſocial mirth unbent his ſerious ſoul,
O'er the full banquet, and the ſprightly bowl);
He then from Ephyre, the fair domain
Of Ilus, ſprung from Jaſon's royal ſtrain,
Meaſur'd a length of ſeas, a toilſome length, in vain.
For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;

Obſervant of the gods, and ſternly juſt,
Ilus refus'd t' impart the baleful truſt:
With friendlier zeal my father's ſoul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon deſir'd.
Appear'd he now with ſuch heroic port,
As then conſpicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon ſhould yon boaſters ceaſe their haughty ſtrife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wiſh'd return the care reſign;
Be future vengeance to the pow'rs divine.
My ſentence hear: With ſtern diſtaſte avow'd,
To their own diſtricts drive the ſuitor-croud:
When next the morning warms the purple eaſt,
Convoke the peerage, and the gods atteſt;
The ſorrows of your inmoſt ſoul relate;
And form ſure plans to ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Should ſecond love a pleaſing flame inſpire,
And the chaſte queen connubial rites require;
Diſmiſs'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dow'r, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Inſtant, to foreign realms prepare to ſail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the meſſenger of Jove),
Propitious to the ſearch. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean, firſt to ſandy Pyle;
Of Neſtor, hoary ſage, his doom demand:
Thence ſpeed your voyage to the Spartan ſtrand;
For young Atrides to th' Achaian coaſt
Arriv'd the laſt of all the victor hoſt.

If yet Ulyſſes views the light; forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year.
But, if his ſoul hath wing'd the deſtin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep diſaſtrous night;
Homeward with pious ſpeed repaſs the main,
To the pale ſhade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaſte queen ſelect an equal lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the ſuitor-train deſtroy,
And, ſtarting into manhood, ſcorn the boy.
Haſt thou not heard how young Oreſtes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praiſe acquir'd?
His virgin-ſword Ægyſthus' veins imbru'd;
The murd'rer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
O greatly bleſs'd with ev'ry blooming grace!
With equal ſteps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And ſhine eternal in the ſphere of fame.—
But my aſſociates now my ſtay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarſe-reſounding ſhore.
Thou, heedful of advice, ſecure proceed;
My praiſe the precept is, be thine the deed.
The counſel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers ſpeak (perſuaſive ſpeech and mild)
Their ſage experience to the fav'rite child.
But, ſince to part, for ſweet refection due
The genial viands let my train renew:

And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.
Defer the promis'd boon, (the goddeſs cries,
Celeſtial azure bright'ning in her eyes),
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temeſe return'd, your royal court
I ſhall reviſit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendſhip, leave.
Abrupt, with eagle-ſpeed ſhe cut the ſky;
Inſtant inviſible to mortal eye.
Then firſt he recognis'd th' aetherial gueſt;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breaſt:
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate:
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate.
At length, compos'd, he join'd the ſuitor-throng,
Huſh'd in attention to the warbled ſong.
His tender theme the charming lyriſt choſe,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
The ſhrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen the ſilver ſounds.
With grief renew'd, the weeping fair deſcends;
Their ſov'reign's ſtep a virgin train attends:
A veil of richeſt texture wrought ſhe wears,
And ſilent to the joyous hall repairs.
There, from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minſtrel's tuneful hand.
Phemius! let acts of gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bow'r have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ:
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with ſilent joy.

But oh! forbear that dear, diſaſtrous name,
To ſorrow ſacred, and ſecure of fame:
My bleeding boſom ſickens at the ſound,
And ev'ry piercing note inflicts a wound.
Why, deareſt object of my duteous love,
(Reply'd the prince) will you the bard reprove?
Oft Jove's aetherial rays (reſiſtleſs fire)
The chanter's ſoul and raptur'd ſong inſpire;
Inſtinct divine! nor blame ſevere his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our raviſh'd ears:
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the ſadly-pleaſant ſtrain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public wo forget your own;
You weep not for a periſh'd lord alone.
What Greeks, now wand'ring in the Stygian gloom,
With your Ulyſſes ſhar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free,
That care to man belongs, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years, the queen admires
His ſage reply, and with her train retires.
Then ſwelling ſorrows burſt their former bounds,
With echoing grief afreſh the dome reſounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Meantime, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating boſom warms;
Intemp'rate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus aſſum'd the man.

Inſtant (he cry'd) your female diſcord end,
Ye deedleſs boaſters! and the ſong attend;
Obey that ſweet compulſion, nor profane
With diſſonance the ſmooth melodious ſtrain.
Pacific now prolong the jovial feaſt;
But when the dawn reveals the roſy eaſt,
I, to the peers aſſembled, ſhall propoſe
The firm reſolve, I here in few diſcloſe.
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your ſev'ral ſtates with ſpeed reſort;
Waſte in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
But if, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
For you my bowl ſhall flow, my flock ſhall bleed;
Judge and revenge my right, impartial jove!
By him, and all th' immortal thrones above,
(A ſacred oath), each proud oppreſſor, ſlain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble ſtain.
  Aw'd by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue.
Silence, at length, the gay Antinous broke,
Conſtrain'd a ſmile, and thus ambiguous ſpoke.
What god to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?
May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of ſtate!
  Thoſe toils (Telemachus ſerene replies)
Have charms, with all their weight, t' allure the wiſe.
Faſt by the throne obſequious fame reſides,
And wealth inceſſant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinous rage, if ſtrong deſire
Of wealth and fame a youthful boſom fire:

Elect by Jove his delegate of ſway,
With joyous pride the ſummons I'd obey.
Whene'er Ulyſſes roams the realms of night,
Should factious pow'r diſpute my lineal right,
Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
To your pretence their title would precede.
At leaſt, the ſceptre loſt, I ſtill ſhould reign
Sole o'er my vaſſals and domeſtic train.

To this Eurymachus: To heav'n alone
Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.
Your patrimonial ſtores in peace poſſeſs;
Undoubted all your filial claim confeſs:
Your private right ſhould impious pow'r invade,
The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.
But ſay, that ſtranger-gueſt who late withdrew,
What, and from whence? his name and lineage ſhew.
His grave demeanour, and majeſtic grace,
Speak him deſcended of no vulgar race:
Did he ſome loan of ancient right require,
Or came forerunner of your ſcepter'd ſire.

Oh ſon of Polybus! the prince replies,
No more my ſire will glad theſe longing eyes:
The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That ſtranger-gueſt the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with incircling ſeas.
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name, of old
High in Ulyſſes' ſocial liſt inroll'd.

Thus he, tho' conſcious of th' aetherial gueſt,
Anſwer'd evaſive of the ſly requeſt.
Meantime the lyre rejoins the ſprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.

But when the ſtar of eve, with golden light,
Adorn'd the matron-brow of ſable night;
The mirthful train diſperſing quit the court,
And to their ſev'ral domes to reſt reſort.
A tow'ring ſtructure to the palace join'd;
To this his ſteps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to ſleep repairs;
The lighted torch the ſage Euryclea bears:
(Daughter of Ops, the juſt Piſenor's ſon,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In roſy prime, with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaſte,
With dear eſteem: Too wife, with jealous ſtrife
To taint the joys of ſweet, connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her ſervice ends,
A child ſhe nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
Whilſt to his couch himſelf the prince addreſt,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple veſt;
The purple veſt with decent care diſpos'd,
The ſilver ring ſhe pull'd, the door reclos'd;
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken cord,
To the ſtrong ſtaple's inmoſt depth reſtor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There, wrapt in ſilent ſhade,
Penſive, the rules the goddeſs gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no reſt he knows,
And in his raptur'd ſoul the viſion glows.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Council of Ithaca.

TELEMACHUS, in the aſſembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injuſtice done him by the ſuitors, and inſiſts upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare againſt them. The ſuitors endeavour to juſtify their ſtay, at leaſt till he ſhall ſend the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuſes. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the ſky, which an augur expounds to the ruin of the ſuitors. Telemachus then demands a veſſel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the ſhape of Mentor, (an ancient friend of Ulyſſes), helps him to a ſhip, aſſiſts him in preparing neceſſaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the ſecond day from the opening of the poem.

The ſcene continues in the palace of Ulyſſes in Ithaca.

BOOK II.

NOW red'ning from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Roſe anxious from th' inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his ſide,
Embroider'd ſandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd, majeſtic as a god.
Then by his heralds, reſtleſs of delay,
To council calls the peers: The peers obey.
Soon as in ſolemn form th' aſſembly ſat,
From his high dome himſelf deſcends in ſtate.
Bright in his hand a pond'rous jav'lin ſhin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crouds admire him as he moves.
His father's throne he fill'd: While diſtant ſtood
The hoary peers, and aged wiſdom bow'd.
'Twas ſilence all; at laſt Ægyptius ſpoke;
Ægyptius, by his age and ſorrows broke:
A length of days his ſoul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldeſt * hope in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulyſſes taught the path to fame;
But, hapleſs youth, the hideous Cyclops tore
His quiv'ring limbs, and quaff'd his ſpouting gore.

* Antiphus.

Three ſons remain'd: To climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aſpires;
The reſt with dutcous love his griefs aſſuage,
And eaſe the fire of half the cares of age.
Yet ſtill his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And as he ſtood, he ſpoke and wept by turns.

Since great Ulyſſes ſought the Phrygian plains,
Within theſe walls inglorious ſilence reigns
Say then, ye peers! by whoſe commands we meet?
Why here once more in ſolemn council ſit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cauſe diſcloſe:
Arrives ſome meſſage of invading foes?
Or ſay, does high neceſſity of ſtate
Inſpire ſome patriot, and demand debate!
The preſent ſynod ſpeaks its author wiſe;
Aſſiſt him, Jove, thou regent of the ſkies!

He ſpoke. Telemachus with tranſport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majeſtic roſe:
(His royal hand th' imperial ſceptre ſway'd):
Then thus, addreſſing to Ægyptius, ſaid.

Rev'rend old man! lo here confeſs'd he ſtands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No ſtory I unfold of public woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the bleſs'd land, and joys inceſſant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my loſt ſire continual ſorrows ſpring;
The great, the good; your father, and your king.
Yet more; our houſe from its foundation bows,
Our foes are pow'rful, and your ſons the foes:
Hither, unwelcome, to the queen they come;
Why ſeek they not the rich Icarian dome?

If ſhe muſt wed, from other hands require
The dow'ry: Is Telemachus her ſire?
Yet through my court the noiſe of revel rings,
And waſtes the wiſe frugality of kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury ſuffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight-hours ſupplies;
Safe in my youth, in riot ſtill they grow,
Nor in the helpleſs orphan dread a foe.
But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More pow'rful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! unſufferable wrong
Cries to the gods, and vengeance ſleeps too long.
Riſe then, ye peers! with virtuous anger riſe;
Your fame revere, but moſt th' avenging ſkies.
By all the deathleſs powers that reign above,
By righteous Themis, and by thund'ring Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies
Succeſs, and humbles or confirms the wiſe),
Riſe in my aid! ſuffice the tears that flow
For my loſt ſire, nor add new wo to wo.
If e'er he bore the ſword to ſtrengthen ill,
Or, having pow'r to wrong, betray'd the will;
On me, on me your kindled wrath aſſuage,
And bid the voice of lawleſs riot rage.
If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
Be you the ſpoilers, and our wealth conſume.
Then might we hope redreſs from juſter laws,
And raiſe all Ithaca to aid our cauſe:
But while your ſons commit th' unpuniſh'd wrong,
You make the arm of violence too ſtrong.
While thus he ſpoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
And daſh'd th' imperial ſceptre to the ground.

The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:
The ſynod griev'd, and gave a pitying ſigh,
Then ſilent ſat—at length Antinous burns
With haughty rage, and ſternly thus returns.
O inſolence of youth! whoſe tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice diſplays thy mother's ſhame.
Eluſive of the bridal day, ſhe gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
Did not the ſun, through heav'n's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While ſhe, laborious in deluſion, ſpread
The ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:
Where as to life the wondrous figures riſe,
Thus ſpoke th' inventive queen, with artful ſighs.
" Though cold in death Ulyſſes breathes no more,
" Ceaſe yet a while to urge the bridal hour;
" Ceaſe, till to great Laertes I bequeath
" A taſk of griefs, his ornaments of death:
" Leſt, when the fates his royal aſhes claim,
" The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
" When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
" Shall want in death a ſhroud to grace his ſhade."
Thus ſhe: At once the gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but, ſtudious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the ſun his annual journey made,
The conſcious lamp the midnight-fraud ſurvey'd;
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.

We ſaw, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Then urg'd, ſhe perfects her illuſtrious toils;
A wond'rous monument of female wiles!
But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear:
(I ſpeak aloud, that ev'ry Greek may hear):
Diſmiſs the queen; and if her ſire approves,
Let him eſpouſe her to the peer ſhe loves:
Bid inſtant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her ſoul is bleſt,
And all Minerva breathes within her breaſt;
In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wiſdom crown'd;
Though Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena, (the proud boaſts of fame),
Yet thus by heav'n adorn'd, by heav'n's decree
She ſhines with fatal excellence, to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feaſt,
Till righteous heav'n reclaim her ſtubborn breaſt.
What though from pole to pole reſounds her name!
The ſon's deſtruction waits the mother's fame:
For till ſhe leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.
While yet he ſpeaks, Telemachus replies.
Ev'n nature ſtarts, and what ye aſk denies.
Thus, ſhall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While ſad on foreign ſhores Ulyſſes treads,
Or glides a ghoſt with unapparent ſhades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waſte undone, refund the dow'r?

How from my father ſhould I vengeance dread?
How would my mother curſe my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends ſhe cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends ariſe?
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The earth's diſgrace, and human kind my foe.
If this diſpleaſe, why urge ye here your ſtay?
Haſte from the court, ye ſpoilers, haſte away:
Waſte in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
But if, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
For you my bowl ſhall flow, my flocks ſhall bleed;
Judge and aſſert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th' immortal hoſt above,
(A ſacred oath), if heav'n the pow'r ſupply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.
With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they deſcend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind.
Above th' aſſembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the ſky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And ſhrieking loud, denounce approaching fate.
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and necks they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood deſcend:
Then ſailing o'er the domes and tow'rs, they fly
Full tow'rd the eaſt, and mount into the ſky.
The wond'ring rivals gaze with cares oppreſt,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breaſt.
Till big with knowledge of approaching woes
The prince of augurs, Halitherſes, roſe:

Preſcient he view'd th' aerial tracts, and drew
A ſure preſage from every wing that flew.
Ye ſons, (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Deſtruction ſure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulyſſes comes, and death his ſteps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We, and our guilty Ithaca muſt bleed.
Why ceaſe we then the wrath of heav'n to ſtay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye great! the way.
For lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate:
I ſpeak from ſcience, and the voice is fate.
When great Ulyſſes ſought the Phrygian ſhores,
To ſhake with war proud Ilion's lofty tow'rs,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heav'n ſeal'd my words, and you thoſe deeds behold.
I ſee (I cry'd) his woes, a countleſs train;
I ſee his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from ſhore to ſhore he roams;
Now twice ten years are paſt, and now he comes!
To whom Eurymachus——Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wiſe dreams, and fables of the ſky.
Go propheſy at home; thy ſons adviſe:
Here thou art ſage in vain—I better read the ſkies.
Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aerial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding ſtray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below
Ulyſſes lies: Oh wert thou laid as low!
Then would that buſy head no broils ſuggeſt,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breaſt.
From him ſome bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And int'reſt, not the god, thy voice inſpires.

His guideleſs youth, if thy experienc'd age
Miſlead fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deſerv'd, thy malice ſhall repreſs,
And but augment the wrongs thou wouldſt redreſs.
Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dow'r, and bridal gifts of price.
Till ſhe retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, oh prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, till all thy ſtores in waſte decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler ſuit we ceaſe;
For wealth and beauty leſs than virtue pleaſe.

To whom the youth: Since then in vain I tell
My num'rous woes, in ſilence let them dwell.
But heav'n, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs:
To heav'n, and all the Greeks, redreſs belongs.
Yet this I aſk (nor be it aſk'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And ſeek my royal ſire from ſhore to ſhore:
If, or to fame his doubtful fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?
If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year:
But, if already wand'ring in the train
Of empty ſhades, I meaſure back the main,

Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his consort to the nuptial bed.
He ceas'd; and while abash'd the peers attend,
Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he sought the scenes of war,
" My friend," (he cry'd), " my palace be thy care;
" Years roll'd on years my godlike sire decay,
" Guard thou his age, and his behests obey."]
Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around,
That flash'd with rage; and, as he spoke, he frown'd.
O never, never more! let king be just,
Be mild in pow'r, or faithful to his trust!
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of god;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I share;
Yet now the rivals are my smallest care:
They, for the mighty mischiefs they devise,
Ere long shall pay—their forfeit lives the price.
But against you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my soul is mov'd with just disdain?
Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd prince the little aid of words.
While yet he spoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Wouldst thou to rise in arms the Greeks advise?
Join all your pow'rs! in arms, ye Greeks, arise!
Yet would your pow'rs in vain our strength oppose;
The valiant few o'ermatch an host of foes.
Should great Ulysses stern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;

Though to his breaſt his ſpouſe with tranſport flies,
Torn from her breaſt, that hour, Ulyſſes dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the veſſel, Mentor! be thy care,
And Halitherſes! thine: Be each his friend:
Ye lov'd the father: Go, the ſon attend.
But yet, I truſt, the boaſter means to ſtay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the wat'ry way.
Then, with a ruſhing ſound, th' aſſembly bend,
Diverſe their ſteps: The rival rout aſcend
The royal dome; while ſad the prince explores
The neighb'ring main, and ſorrowing treads the ſhores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he ſhed,
The royal ſuppliant to Minerva pray'd.
O goddeſs! who deſcending from the ſkies
Vouchſaf'd thy preſence to my wond'ring eyes,
By whoſe commands the raging deeps I trace,
And ſeek my fire through ſtorms and rolling ſeas!
Hear from thy heav'ns above, oh warrior-maid!
Deſcend once more, propitious to my aid.
Without thy preſence, vain is thy command;
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withſtand.
Indulgent to his pray'r, the goddeſs took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor ſpoke.
O prince, in early youth divinely wiſe,
Born, the Ulyſſes of thy age to riſe!
If to the ſon the father's worth deſcends;
O'er the wide waves ſucceſs thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death he ſtood prepar'd,
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wiſe ſons deſcendent of the wiſe,
And did not heroes from brave heroes riſe,

Vain were my hopes: Few ſons attain the praiſe
Of their great ſires, and moſt their ſires diſgrace.
But ſince thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy ſoul inſpires,
Go, and ſucceed! the rivals aims deſpiſe;
For never, never, wicked man was wiſe.
Blind they rejoice, though now, ev'n now they fall;
Death haſtes amain: One hour o'erwhelms them all!
And lo, with ſpeed we plough the wat'ry way;
My pow'r ſhall guard thee, and my hand convey;
The winged veſſel ſtudious I prepare,
Through ſeas and realms companion of thy care.
Thou to the court aſcend; and to the ſhores
(When night advances) bear the naval ſtores;
Bread, that decaying man with ſtrength ſupplies,
And gen'rous wine, which thoughtful ſorrow flies.
Meanwhile the mariners by my command
Shall ſpeed aboard, a valiant choſen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by veſſel veſſel rides;
The beſt I chuſe to waft thee o'er the tides.
She ſpoke: To his high dome the prince returns,
And as he moves, with royal anguiſh mourns.
'Twas riot all among the lawleſs train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay ſlain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous preſs'd,
And thus deriding, with a ſmile addreſs'd.
Grieve not, oh daring prince! that noble heart;
Ill ſuits gay youth the ſtern heroic part.
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy ſoul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to eaſe thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the ſwelling tides.

Is this (returns the prince) for mirth a time?
When lawleſs gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;
The luſcious wines, diſhonour'd, loſe their taſte;
The ſong is noiſe, and impious is the feaſt.
Suffice it to have ſpent with ſwift decay
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.
But now the wiſe inſtructions of the ſage,
And manly thoughts inſpir'd by manly age,
Teach me to ſeek redreſs for all my woe,
Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your veſſels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I paſs the main:
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow,
And where on earth I live, I live your foe.
He ſpoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to ſtay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and ſtrode away.
Meantime, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feaſt,
Deriſive taunts were ſpread from gueſt to gueſt,
And each in jovial mood his mate addreſt.
Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the ſtern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand ſupplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
Or comes from Ephyre with poiſons fraught;
And kills us all in one tremendous draught?
Or who can ſay, (his gameſome mate replies),
But while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his ſire, may ſink, depriv'd of breath,
And puniſh us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To ſeize his treaſures, and divide his ſtate,

The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal-day!
Meantime the lofty rooms the prince ſurveys,
Where lay the treaſures of the Ithacian race:
Here ruddy braſs and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There poliſh'd cheſts embroider'd veſtures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There caſks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome.
(Pure flav'rous wine, by gods in bounty giv'n,
And worthy to exalt the feaſts of heav'n.)
Untouch'd they ſtood, till his long labours o'er,
The great Ulyſſes reach'd his native ſhore.
A double ſtrength of bars ſecur'd the gates:
Faſt by the door the wiſe Euryclea waits;
Euryclea, who, great Ops! thy lineage ſhar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard.
To whom the prince: O thou, whoſe guardian care
Nurs'd the moſt wretched king that breathes the air!
Untouch'd and ſacred may theſe veſſels ſtand,
Till great Ulyſſes views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd,
Next theſe in worth, and firm thoſe urns be ſeal'd;
And twice ten meaſures of the choiceſt flour
Prepar'd, ere yet deſcends the ev'ning hour.
For when the fav'ring ſhades of night ariſe,
And peaceful ſlumbers cloſe my mother's eyes,
Me from our coaſts ſhall ſpreading ſails convey,
To ſeek Ulyſſes through the wat'ry way.
While yet he ſpoke, ſhe fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
O whither, whither flies my ſon? ſhe cry'd,
To realms, that rocks and roaring ſeas divide?

In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The wat'ry way ill fated if thou try,
All, all muſt periſh, and by fraud you die!
Then ſtay, my child! ſtorms beat, and rolls the main;
Oh beat thoſe ſtorms, and roll the ſeas in vain!

Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be driv'n:
Heav'n calls me forth; theſe counſels are of heav'n.
But by the pow'rs that hate the perjur'd, ſwear
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dang'rous truth betray,
Till twice ſix times deſcends the lamp of day:
Leſt the ſad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief deſtroy what time a while would ſpare.

Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Atteſts th' all-ſeeing ſov'reign of the ſkies.
Then ſtudious ſhe prepares the choiceſt flour,
The ſtrength of wheat, and wines an ample ſtore.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial goddeſs with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and ſize,
With ſpeed divine from ſtreet to ſtreet ſhe flies.
She bids the mariners prepar'd, to ſtand,
When night deſcends, embody'd on the ſtrand.
Then to Noemon ſwift ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
And aſks a bark: The chief a bark ſupplies.

And now, declining with his ſloping wheels,
Down ſunk the ſun behind the weſtern hills.
The goddeſs ſhov'd the veſſel from the ſhores,
And ſtow'd within its womb the naval ſtores:
Full in the op'nings of the ſpacious main
It rides; and now deſcends the ſailor-train.

Next, to the court, impatient of delay,
With rapid ſtep the goddeſs urg'd her way:
There ev'ry eye with ſlumb'rous chains ſhe bound,
And daſh'd the flowing goblet to the ground.
Drowſy they roſe, with heavy fumes oppreſt,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to reſt.
Then thus, in Mentor's rev'rend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid.
Lo! on the ſeas prepar'd the veſſel ſtands,
Th' impatient mariner thy ſpeed demands,
Swift as ſhe ſpoke, with rapid pace ſhe leads;
The footſteps of the deity he treads.
Swift to the ſhore they move: Along the ſtrand
The ready veſſel rides, the ſailors ready ſtand.
He bids them bring their ſtores; th' attending train
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The prince and goddeſs to the ſtern aſcend;
To the ſtrong ſtroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the weſt ſhe bids freſh breezes blow;
The ſable billows foam and roar below.
The chief his orders gives; th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command:
With ſpeed the maſt they rear; with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
High o'er the roaring waves the ſpreading ſails
Bow the tall maſt, and ſwell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting ſurge divides,
And to the ſtern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ſhip their oars, and crown with wine
The holy goblet to the pow'rs divine:

Imploring all the gods that reign above,
But chief the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they ſtem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning-ray.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Interview of Telemachus and Neſtor.

TELEMACHUS, guided by Pallas in the ſhape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Neſtor and his ſons are ſacrificing on the ſea-ſhore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occaſion of his coming, and Neſtor relates what paſſed in their return from Troy, how their fleets were ſeparated, and he never ſince heard of Ulyſſes. They diſcourſe concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Oreſtes, and the injuries of the ſuitors. Neſtor adviſes him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The ſacrifice ending with the night, Minerva vaniſhes from them in the form of an eagle. Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they ſacrifice a bullock to Minerva, and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Piſiſtratus.

The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore of Pylos.

THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK III.

ODYSSEUS.

BOOK III.

THE ſacred ſun, above the waters rais'd,
Thro' heav'n's eternal, brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
To gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coaſt of Pyle the veſſel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, ſuppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians ſtood;
Each held five hundred (a deputed train)
At each, nine oxen on the ſand lay ſlain.
They taſte the entrails, and the altars load
With ſmoking thighs, an off'ring to the god.
Full for the port the Ithacenſians ſtand,
And furl their ſails, and iſſue on the land.
Telemachus already preſs'd the ſhore;
Not firſt, the pow'r of wiſdom march'd before,
And ere the ſacrificing throng he join'd,
Admoniſh'd thus his well-attending mind.

Proceed, my ſon! this youthful ſhame expel;
An honeſt buſ'neſs never bluſh to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched ſire detain,
We paſs'd the wide, immeaſurable main.
Meet then the ſenior, far renown'd for ſenſe,
With rev'rend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies:
And ſure he will; for wiſdom never lies.

Oh tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modeſty reply'd),

How ſhall I meet, or how accoſt the ſage,
Unſkill'd in ſpeech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the taſk appears,
To queſtion wiſely men of riper years.
To whom the martial goddeſs thus rejoin'd.
Search, for ſome thoughts, thy own ſuggeſting mind:
And others, dictated by heav'nly pow'r,
Shall riſe ſpontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unproſp'rous ſhall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heav'n thy friend.
She ſpoke, and led the way with ſwifteſt ſpeed:
As ſwift the youth purſu'd the way ſhe led;
And join'd the band before the ſacred fire,
Where ſat, encompaſs'd with his ſons, the ſire.
The youth of Pylos, ſome on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, ſome prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown gueſts, and at the banquet place.
Piſiſtratus was firſt to graſp their hands,
And ſpread ſoft hides upon the yellow ſands;
Along the ſhore th' illuſtrious pair he led,
Where Neſtor ſat with youthful Thraſymed.
To each a portion of the feaſt he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then firſt approaching to the elder gueſt,
The latent goddeſs in theſe words addreſt.
Whoe'er thou art, whom fortune brings to keep
Theſe rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
Thee firſt it fits, oh ſtranger! to prepare
The due libation, and the ſolemn pray'r;

Then give thy friend to ſhed the ſacred wine
Tho' much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the pow'rs divine.
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miſerable race!

He ſpake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A ſecret pleaſure touch'd Athena's ſoul,
To ſee the pref'rence due to ſacred age
Regarded ever by the juſt and ſage.
Of ocean's king ſhe then implores the grace.
Oh thou! whoſe arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wiſh, and let thy glory ſhine
On Neſtor firſt, and Neſtor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian ſtates their juſt deſires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's aſcending fires;
Laſt deign Telemachus and me to bleſs,
And crown our voyage with deſir'd ſucceſs.

Thus ſhe; and having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulyſſes' ſon the roſy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And now the victims dreſt,
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feaſt;
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleaſing conference began.

Now, gentle gueſts! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to aſk ye, what your native ſhore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, ſay,
Thus far ye wander through the wat'ry way?
Relate, if bus'neſs, or the thirſt of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathleſs main;
Where ſavage pirates ſeek, through ſeas unknown,
The lives of others, ventrous of their own?

Urg'd by the precepts by the goddeſs giv'n,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heav'n,
The youth, whom Pallas deſtin'd to be wife,
And fam'd among the ſons of men, replies.
Inquir'ſt thou, father! from what coaſt we came?
(Oh grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'er-arching ſhades and pendent woods,
Us to theſe ſhores our filial duty draws,
A private ſorrow, not a public cauſe.
My ſire I ſeek, where'er the voice of fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulyſſes; fam'd from ſhore to ſhore,
For valour much, for hardy ſuff'ring more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reſerv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hoſtile fury ſlain,
Or ſunk by tempeſts in the gulfy main?
Of this to learn, oppreſs'd with tender fears,
Lo, at thy knee his ſuppliant ſon appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learn'd his fate, the whole dark ſtory clear:
And oh! whate'er heav'n deſtin'd to betide,
Let neither flatt'ry ſmooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I ſtand: He was but born to try
The lot of man; to ſuffer, and to die.
Oh then, if ever through the ten years war
The wife, the good Ulyſſes claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy ſword,
True in his deed, and conſtant to his word:

Far as thy mind through backward time can ſee,
Search all thy ſtores of faithful memory:
'Tis ſacred truth I aſk, and aſk of thee.
To him experienc'd Neſtor thus rejoin'd.
O friend! what ſorrows doſt thou bring to mind?
Shall I the long, laborious ſcene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by ſea! where, dark in queſt of prey,
Dauntleſs we rov'd; Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where, mix'd in fatal fight,
Such numbers fell, ſuch heroes ſunk to night:
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wiſe Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too my ſon—ah once my beſt delight,
Once ſwift of foot, and terrible in fight,
In whom ſtern courage with ſoft virtue join'd,
A faultleſs body, and a blameleſs mind:
Antilochus—what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious ſeries of our fate?
Not added years on years my taſk could cloſe,
The long hiſtorian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native iſlands might'ſt thou ſail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
Nine painful years on that deteſted ſhore;
What ſtratagems we form'd! what toils we bore!
Still lab'ring on, till ſcarce at laſt we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conqueſt crown'd.
Far o'er the reſt thy mighty father ſhin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
Art thou the ſon of that illuſtrious ſire?
With joy I graſp thee, and with love admire.

So like your voices, and your words so wise,
Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.
Thy sire and I were one; nor vary'd ought
In public sentence, or in private thought;
Alike to council or th' assembly came,
With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
But when (by wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ships the conqu'ring Greeks return'd;
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn th' event, confounding human pride:
Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just).
Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
The brother-kings inspir'd with fell debate;
Who call'd to council all th' Achaian state,
But call'd untimely, (nor the sacred rite
Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,
Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim);
Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came.
To these the cause of meeting they explain,
And Menelaus moves to cross the main:
Not so the king of men; he will'd to stay,
The sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh blind to fate!
The gods not lightly change their love or hate.
With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
Now diff'rent counsels ev'ry breast divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:
Th' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd;
(So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).

We, with the riſing morn our ſhips unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our ſtores aboard;
But half the people with reſpect obey'd
The king of men, and at his bidding ſtaid.
Now on the wings of wind our courſe we keep,
(For god had ſmooth'd the waters of the deep),
For Tenedos we ſpread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the pow'rs:
To bleſs our ſafe return we join in pray'r;
But angry Jove diſpers'd our vows in air,
And rais'd new diſcord. Then (ſo heav'n decreed)
Ulyſſes firſt and Neſtor diſagreed:
Wiſe as he was, by various counſels ſway'd,
He there, though late, to pleaſe the monarch, ſtaid;
But I, determin'd, ſtem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the gods.
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haſte:
And Menelaus came, but came the laſt.
He join'd our veſſels in the Leſbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our wat'ry way;
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The ſafer road), beſide the Pſyrian iſle;
Or the ſtraight courſe to rocky Chios plow,
And anchor under Mimas' ſhaggy brow?
We ſought direction of the pow'r divine:
The god propitious gave the guiding ſign;
Through the mid ſeas he bids our navy ſteer,
And in Euboea ſhun the woes we fear.
The whiſtling winds already wak'd the ſky;
Before the whiſtling winds the veſſels fly,
With rapid ſwiftneſs cut the liquid way,
And reach Gereſtus at the point of day.

There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune ſlain,
High flaming pleaſe the monarch of the main.
The fourth day ſhone, when all their labours o'er,
Tydides' veſſels touch'd the wiſh'd-for ſhore:
But I to Pylos ſcud before the gales,
The god ſtill breathing on my ſwelling ſails;
Sep'rate from all, I ſafely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I ſat,
And aſk each voyager each hero's fate:
Curious to know, and willing to relate.
Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike ſon's command.
Thoſe, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And thoſe whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, ſecurely croſs'd the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coaſt,
And how his life by fraud and force he loſt,
And how the murd'rer paid his forfeit breath;
What land ſo diſtant from that ſcene of death
But trembling heard the fame? and heard, admire
How well the ſon appeas'd his ſlaughter'd ſire!
Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjuſtly bleed,
Heav'n gives poſterity t' avenge the dead.
So fell Ægyſthus; and mayſt thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy ſire deſcend),
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Oreſtes was before!
The prudent youth reply'd: O thou the grace
And laſting glory of the Grecian race!

Juſt was the vengeance, and to lateſt days
Shall long poſterity reſound the praiſe.
Some god this arm with equal proweſs bleſs!
And the proud ſuitors ſhall its force confeſs:
Injurious men! who, while my ſoul is ſore
Of freſh affronts, are meditating more.
But heav'n denies this honour to my hand,
Nor ſhall my father repoſſeſs the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the ſad ſon's to ſuffer and to mourn.

Thus he; and Neſtor took the word: My ſon,
Is it then true, as diſtant rumours run,
That crouds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with inſults and alarms?
Say, is the fault, thro' tame ſubmiſſion, thine?
Or leagu'd againſt thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by ſome oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but rip'ning lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted ſtate;
When great Ulyſſes ſhall ſuppreſs theſe harms,
Ulyſſes ſingly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
The happy ſon, will, as the father, aid,
(Whoſe fame and ſafety was her conſtant care
In ev'ry danger, and in ev'ry war;
Never on man did heav'nly favour ſhine
With rays ſo ſtrong, diſtinguiſh'd, and divine,
As thoſe with which Minerva mark'd thy ſire),
So might ſhe love thee, ſo thy ſoul inſpire!
Soon ſhould their hopes in humble duſt be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal-bed.

Ah! no ſuch hope (the prince with ſighs replies)
Can touch my breaſt; that bleſſing heav'n denies.
Ev'n by celeſtial favour were it giv'n,
Fortune or fate would croſs the will of heav'n.
What words are theſe, and what imprudence thine?
(Thus interpos'd the martial maid divine),
Forgetful youth! but know, the pow'r above
With eaſe can ſave each object of his love;
Wide as his will, extends his boundleſs grace;
Nor loſt in time, nor circumſcrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who, many ſorrows paſt,
Long lab'ring, gains his natal ſhore at laſt;
Than who too ſpeedy, haſtes to end his life
By ſome ſtern ruffian, or adult'rous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miſs;
And all is poſſible to heav'n, but this.
The beſt, the deareſt fav'rite of the ſky
Muſt taſte that cup, for man is born to die.
Thus check'd, reply'd Ulyſſes' prudent heir:
Mentor no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more muſt draw his country's breath,
Already ſnatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death!
Paſs we to other ſubjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable ſage;
(Who thrice has ſeen the periſhable kind
Of men decay, and through three ages ſhin'd,
Like gods majeſtic, and like gods in mind.)
For much he knows, and juſt concluſions draws
From various precedents, and various laws.
O ſon of Neleus! awful Neſtor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell?

By what ſtrange fraud Ægyſthus wrought, relate,
(By force he could not) ſuch a hero's fate?
Liv'd Menelaus not in Greece? or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd, perhaps, ſome foreign ſhore to tread;
Or ſure Ægyſthus had not dar'd the deed.

To whom the Full of Days: Illuſtrious youth,
Attend (though partly thou haſt gueſs'd) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaus found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground,
Nor earth had hid his carcaſe from the ſkies,
Nor Grecian virgins ſhriek'd his obſequies;
But fowls obſcene diſmember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, ſtretch'd at eaſe in Argos' calm receſs,
(Whoſe ſtately ſteeds luxuriant paſtures bleſs,)
With flattery's inſinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poiſon'd all her heart.
At firſt with worthy ſhame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawleſs ſuit deny'd.
For virtue's image yet poſſeſs'd her mind,
Taught by a maſter of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting for the Trojan war,
Conſign'd the youthful conſort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preſerv'd her long
In honour's limits; ſuch the pow'r of ſong.
But, when the gods theſe objects of their hate
Dragg'd to deſtruction, by the links of fate;
The bard they baniſh'd from his native ſoil,
And left all helpleſs in a deſert iſle:

There lie, the ſweeteſt of the ſacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but ſung in vain.
Then virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell to luſt a voluntary prey.
Ev'n to the temple ſtalk'd th' adult'rous ſpouſe,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And od'rous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.

Meantime, from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaus, through the curling ſea.
But when to Sunium's ſacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of th' Athenian dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd;
(Phrontes, of all the ſons of men admir'd
To ſteer the bounding bark with ſteady toil
When the ſtorm thickens, and the billows boil);
While yet he exercis'd the ſteerman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
Ev'n with the rudder in his hand he fell.
To pay whoſe honours to the ſhades of hell,
We check'd our haſte, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now the rites diſcharg'd, our courſe we keep
Far on the gloomy boſom of the deep:
Soon as Malaea's miſty tops ariſe,
Sudden the Thund'rer blackens all the ſkies,
And the winds whiſtle, and the ſurges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obſcure the pole.
The tempeſt ſcatters, and divides our fleet;
Part, the ſtorm urges on the coaſt of Crete,
Where winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The ſtreams of Jardan iſſue to the main.

There ſtands a rock, high, eminent, and ſteep,
Whoſe ſhaggy brow o'erhangs the ſhady deep,
And views Gortyna on the weſtern ſide;
On this rough Auſter drove th' impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighb'ring bay.
Thus ſav'd from death, they gain'd the Phaeſtan ſhores,
With ſhatter'd veſſels, and diſabled oars:
But five tall barks the winds and waters toſt,
Far from their fellows, on th' Ægyptian coaſt.
There wander'd Menelaus through foreign ſhores,
Amaſſing gold, and gath'ring naval ſtores;
While curs'd Ægyſthus the deteſted deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
Sev'n years the traitor rich Mycenae ſway'd,
And his ſtern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens to his realm reſtor'd,
Oreſtes brandiſh'd the revenging ſword,
Slew the dire pair, and gave to fun'ral flame
The vile aſſaſſin, and adult'rous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs ceaſe,
Return'd Atrides to the coaſt of Greece,
And ſafe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and pond'rous treaſure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my ſon, beware! nor idly ſtand
Too long a ſtranger to thy native land;
Leſt heedleſs abſence wear thy wealth away,
While lawleſs feaſters in thy palace ſway;
Perhaps may ſeize thy realm, and ſhare the ſpoil;
And thou return, with diſappointed toil,
From thy vain journey, to a rifled iſle.

Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
And ſeek Atrides on the Spartan ſhore.
He, wand'ring long, a wider circle made,
And many-languag'd nations has ſurvey'd;
And meaſur'd tracts unknown to other ſhips,
Amid the monſtrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of ocean and unbounded ſky,
Which ſcarce the ſea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
Go then; to Sparta take the wat'ry way,
Thy ſhip and ſailors but for orders ſtay;
Or, if by land thou chuſe thy courſe to bend,
My ſteeds, my chariots, and my ſons attend:
Thee to Atrides they ſhall ſafe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And ſure he will: For Menelaus is wiſe.

Thus while he ſpeaks, the ruddy ſun deſcends,
And twilight gray her ev'ning-ſhade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd maid: O full of days!
Wiſe are thy words, and juſt are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the pow'rs divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And ſoft approach the balmy hours of ſleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heav'nly feaſt,
Timeleſs, indecent, but retire to reſt.

So ſpake Jove's daughter, the celeſtial maid.
The ſober train attended and obey'd.
The ſacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy bev'rage flows;
While to the final ſacrifice they roſe.

The tongues they caſt upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the conſecrated ſtream.
And now, their thirſt by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian maid
Propoſe departure from the finiſh'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to paſs the night:
But this the hoſpitable ſage deny'd.
Forbid it, Jove! and all the gods! he cry'd,
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd ſon to ſend
Of ſuch a hero, and of ſuch a friend!
Me, as ſome needy peaſant, would ye leave,
Whom heav'n denies the bleſſing to relieve?
Me would you leave, who boaſt imperial ſway,
When beds of royal ſtate invite your ſtay?
No——long as life this mortal ſhall inſpire,
Or as my children imitate their ſire,
Here ſhall the wand'ring ſtranger find his home,
And hoſpitable rites adorn the dome.

Well haſt thou ſpoke, (the blue-ey'd maid replies),
Belov'd old man! benevolent, as wiſe.
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus perſuade:
He to thy palace ſhall thy ſteps purſue;
I to the ſhip, to give the orders due,
Preſcribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone ſuſtain their naval cares,
Who boaſt experience from theſe ſilver hairs;
All youths the reſt, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the veſſel ſhall I paſs the night;
And ſoon as morning paints the fields of light,

I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy gueſt, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy ſtrong courſers ſwift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy ſon companion of his way.
Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And ſoars an eagle through the liquid ſkies,
Viſion divine! the throng'd ſpectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and ſtill amaze.
But chief the rev'rend ſage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and ſpoke:
O happy youth! and favour'd of the ſkies,
Diſtinguiſh'd care of guardian deities!
Whoſe early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For lo! none other of the court above
Than ſhe, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herſelf, the war-triumphant maid,
Confeſs'd is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, goddeſs! ſo propitious ſhine
On me, my conſort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name ſhall ſmoke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whoſe budding honours ductile gold adorns.
Submiſſive thus the hoary ſire preferr'd
His holy vow: The fav'ring goddeſs heard.
Then ſlowly riſing, o'er the ſandy ſpace
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long proceſſion), timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.

There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His ſons and grandſons the wide circle grac'd.
To theſe the hoſpitable ſage, in ſign
Of ſocial welcome, mix'd the racy wine,
(Late from the mellowing caſk reſtor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and roſy-bright).
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And ſprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And ſlept beneath the pompous colonnade;
Faſt by his ſide Piſiſtratus lay ſpread,
(In age his equal), on a ſplendid bed:
But in an inner-court, ſecurely clos'd,
The rev'rend Neſtor with his queen repos'd.
When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early roſe, walk'd forth, and ſat
On poliſh'd ſtone before his palace-gate:
With unguents ſmooth the lucid marble ſhone,
Where ancient Neleus ſat, a ruſtic throne;
But he deſcending to th' infernal ſhade,
Sage Neſtor fill'd it, and the ſceptre ſway'd.
His ſons around him mild obeiſance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.
Firſt Echephron and Stratius quit their bed;
Then Perſeus, Aretus, and Thraſymed;
The laſt Piſiſtratus aroſe from reſt:
They came, and near him plac'd the ſtranger-gueſt.
To theſe the ſenior thus declar'd his will:
My ſons! the dictates of your ſire fulfil.

To Pallas, firſt of gods, prepare the feaſt,
Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal gueſt.
Let one, diſpatchful, bid ſome ſwain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the graſſy mead;
One ſeek the harbour where the veſſels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! aſhore,
(Leave only two the galley to attend);
Another to Laerceus muſt we ſend,
Artiſt divine, whoſe ſkilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfuſile gold.
The reſt may here the pious duty ſhare,
And bid the handmaids for the feaſt prepare,
The ſeats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living ſpring.
He ſaid, and buſy each his care beſtow'd;
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacenſian crew,
The dext'rous ſmith the tools already drew:
His pond'rous hammer, and his anvil ſound,
And the ſtrong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva abſent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the ſight.
With rev'rend hand the king preſents the gold,
Which round th' intorted horns the gilder roll'd;
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bow'r
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And caniſters of conſecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The axe was held by warlike Thraſymed,
In act to ſtrike: Before him Perſeus ſtood,
The vaſe extending to receive the blood.

The king himſelf initiates to the pow'r;
Scatters with quiv'ring hand the ſacred flour,
And the ſtream ſprinkles: From the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on ev'ry part were paid,
And ſacred wheat upon the victim laid,
Strong Thraſymed diſcharg'd the ſpeeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down ſunk the heavy beaſt: The females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a ſhrilling ſound.
Nor ſcorn'd the queen the holy choir to join,
(The firſt-born ſhe of old Clymenus' line;
In youth by Neſtor lov'd, of ſpotleſs fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name).
From earth they rear him, ſtruggling now with death;
And Neſtor's youngeſt ſtops the vents of breath.
The ſoul for ever flies: On all ſides round
Streams the black blood, and ſmokes upon the ground.
The beaſt they then divide, and diſunite
The ribs and limbs, obſervant of the rite:
On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from ev'ry part.
The ſacred ſage before his altar ſtands,
Turns the burnt-off'ring with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aſpire:
The youth with inſtruments ſurround the fire.
The thighs now ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, transfix, and broil the reſt.
While theſe officious tend the rites divine,
The laſt fair branch of the Neſtorean line,

Sweet Polycaſte, took the pleaſing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flow'ry veſt he threw,
And iſſu'd, like a god, to mortal view.
His former ſeat beſide the king he found,
(His people's father with his peers around).
All plac'd at eaſe, the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.

The rage of thirſt and hunger now ſuppreſt,
The monarch turns him to his royal gueſt;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The ſmooth-hair'd horſes, and the rapid car.
Obſervant of his word; the word ſcarce ſpoke,
The ſons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And preſents, ſuch as ſuit the ſtate of kings.
The glitt'ring ſeat Telemachus aſcends;
His faithful guide Piſiſtratus attends:
With haſty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He laſh'd the courſers, and the courſers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and ſmok'd along the field.
The tow'rs of Pylos ſink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till cloſe of day;
Then ſunk the ſun, and darken'd all the way.

To Pherae now, Diocleus' ſtately ſeat,
(Of Alpheus' race), the weary youths retreat.
His houſe affords the hoſpitable rite,
And pleas'd they ſleep (the bleſſing of the night).
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;

Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the ſounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as the chariot roll'd:
Then ſlowly ſunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the ſhaded landſcape ruſh'd the night.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The conference with Menelaus.

TELEMACHUS, with Piſiſtratus, arriving at Sparta, is hoſpitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cauſe of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks ſince the deſtruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return, from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulyſſes is detained in the iſland of Calypſo.

In the mean time, the ſuitors conſult to deſtroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is appriſed of this, but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the ſhape of her ſiſter Iphthima.

ΔΗΓ ΥΠΟΘΗΚΗΣ

ΒΟΟΚ VI

CODEX VI

BOOK IV.

AND now proud Sparta with their wheels reſounds;
Sparta whoſe walls a range of hills furrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where ſat Atrides 'midſt his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's pow'r,
To bleſs his ſons and daughters nuptial hour.
That day, to great Achilles' ſon reſign'd,
Hermione, the faireſt of her kind,
Was ſent to crown the long protracted joy,
Eſpous'd before the final doom of Troy:
With ſteeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's diſtant reign.
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a ſtol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his handmaid bore:
To Helen's bed the gods alone aſſign
Hermione, t' extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of graces wait,
Reſembling Venus in attractive ſtate.
While this gay friendly troop the king ſurround,
With feſtival and mirth the roofs reſound:
A bard amid the joyous circle ſings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal ſtrings;
Whilſt warbling to the varied ſtrain, advance
Two ſprightly youths, to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that iſſuing through the palace gate
The ſplendid car roll'd ſlow in regal ſtate:

On the bright eminence young Neſtor ſhone.
And faſt beſide him great Ulyſſes' ſon:
Grave Eteoneus ſaw the pomp appear,
And ſpeeding, thus addreſs'd the royal ear.
Two youths approach, whoſe ſemblant features prove,
Their blood devolving from the ſource of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd? or muſt they bend
Their doubtful courſe to ſeek a diſtant friend?
Inſenſate! (with a ſigh the king replies),
Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wiſe:
But ſure relentleſs folly ſteels thy breaſt,
Obdurate to reject the ſtranger gueſt;
To thoſe dear hoſpitable rites a foe,
Which in my wand'rings oft reliev'd my wo:
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
Till pitying Jove my native realm reſtor'd.—
Straight be the courſers from the car releaſt,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feaſt.
The ſeneſchal rebuk'd, in haſte withdrew;
With equal haſte a menial train purſue:
Part led the courſers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choiceſt grain ſurcharg'd;
Part in a portico, profuſely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vaſt delight;
Reſplendent as the blaze of ſummer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight-moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, deſcend;
Where a bright damſel-train attend the gueſts
With liquid odours, and embroider'd veſts.

Refreſh'd, they wait them to the bow'r of ſtate,
Where circled with his peers Atrides ſat:
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
The pureſt product of the cryſtal ſprings;
High on a maſſy vaſe of ſilver mold,
The burniſh'd laver flames with ſolid gold:
In ſolid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a ſecond banquet roſe.
When thus the king, with hoſpitable port:—
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waſte of nature let the feaſt repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare:
Say from what ſceptred anceſtry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathleſs fame?
For vulgar parents cannot ſtamp their race
With ſignatures of ſuch majeſtic grace.
Ceaſing, benevolent he ſtraight aſſigns
The royal portion of the choiceſt chines
To each accepted friend: With grateful haſte
They ſhare the honours of the rich repaſt.
Suffic'd, ſoft-whiſpering thus to Neſtor's ſon,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun.
View'ſt thou unmov'd, O ever honour'd moſt!
Theſe prodigies of art, and wondrous coſt!
Above, beneath, around the palace ſhines
The ſumleſs treaſure of exhauſted mines:
The ſpoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And ſtudded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove.
The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd.
Preſumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride

Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove conteſt,
Unchang'd, immortal, and ſupremely bleſt!
With all my affluence when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own the purchaſe dearly paid.
For eight ſlow circling years by tempeſts toſt,
From Cyprus to the far Phoenician coaſt,
(Sidon the capital), I ſtretch'd my toil
Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next, Æthiopia's utmoſt bound explore,
And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian ſhore:
Then warp my voyage on the ſouthern gales,
O'er the warm Lybian wave to ſpread my ſails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear;
And two fair creſcents of tranſlucent horn
The brows of all their young increaſe adorn:
The ſhepherd ſwains, with ſure abundance bleſt,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feaſt;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But ev'ry ſeaſon fills the foaming pail.
Whilſt heaping unwiſh'd wealth, I diſtant roam;
The beſt of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitreſs wife,
Ends the ſad evening of a ſtormy life:
Whence with inceſſant grief my ſoul annoy'd,
Theſe riches are poſſeſs'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:
How fav'ring heav'n repaid my glorious toils
With a ſack'd palace, and barbaric ſpoils.
Oh! had the gods ſo large a boon deny'd,
And life, the juſt equivalent, ſupply'd

To thoſe brave warriors, who with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cauſe expir'd!
Still in ſhort intervals of pleaſing wo,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear!
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But oh! Ulyſſes—deeper than the reſt,
That ſad idea wounds my anxious breaſt!
My heart bleeds freſh with agonizing pain;
The bowl and taſteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor ſleep's ſoft pow'r can cloſe my ſtreaming eyes,
When imag'd to my ſoul his ſorrows riſe.
No peril in my cauſe he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equall'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him to ſuffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on ſome friendleſs coaſt,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a penſive ghoſt,
No fame reveals; but doubtful of his doom,
His good old ſire with ſorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling ſteps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaſte partner of his bed and throne,
Waſtes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
While thus pathetic to the prince he ſpoke,
From the brave youth the ſtreaming paſſion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repreſt,
His face he ſhrouded with his purple veſt:
The conſcious monarch pierc'd the coy diſguiſe,
And view'd his filial love with vaſt ſurpriſe:
Dubious to preſs the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.

In this ſuſpenſe bright Helen grac'd the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The ſilver-ſhafted goddeſs of the chace!
The ſeat of majeſty Adraſte brings,
With art illuſtrious, for the pomp of kings.
To ſpread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of ſofteſt woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A ſilver caniſter divinely wrought,
In her ſoft hands the beauteous Phylo brought:
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vaſe
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord, (whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
When to that court Atrides came, careſt
With vaſt munificence th' imperial gueſt:
Two lavers from the richeſt ore refin'd,
With ſilver tripods, the kind hoſt aſſign'd;
And bounteous, from the royal treaſure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, conſort of his high command,
A golden diſtaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vaſe, with living ſculpture wrought,
Which, heap'd with wool, the beauteous Phylo brought:
The ſilken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom
The ſov'reign ſeat then Jove-born Helen preſs'd,
And pleaſing thus her ſcepter'd lord addreſs'd.
Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?

Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontroll'd
Hear me the bodings of my breaſt unfold.
With wonder rapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The feature of the Ulyſſean race:
Diffus'd o'er each reſembling line appear,
In juſt ſimilitude, the grace and air
Of young Telemachus! the lovely boy,
Who bleſs'd Ulyſſes with a father's joy,
What time the Greeks combin'd their ſocial arms,
T" avenge the ſtain of my ill-fated charms!
Juſt is thy thought, the king aſſenting cries,
Methinks Ulyſſes ſtrikes my wond'ring eyes:
Full ſhines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his ſhape the ſame;
Such quick regards his ſparkling eyes beſtow;
Such wavy ringlets o'er his ſhoulders flow!
And when he heard the long diſaſtrous ſtore
Of cares, which in my cauſe Ulyſſes bore;
Diſmay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above reſtraint the tide of ſorrow roſe:
Cautious to let the guſhing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.
See there confeſt, Piſiſtratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wiſe!
Of that heroic fire the youth is ſprung,
But modeſt awe hath chain'd his tim'rous tongue.
Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a god rever'd.
With him at Neſtor's high command I came,
Whoſe age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverſe deſtiny conſtrain'd to ſue
For counſel and redreſs, he ſues to you.

Whatever ill the friendleſs orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still muſt the wrong'd Telemachus ſuſtain,
If hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly pow'r alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.
  Is Sparta bleſs'd, and theſe deſiring eyes
View my friend's ſon? (the king exulting cries),
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whoſe word was ſacred to the man he lov'd;
Mirror of conſtant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd!—
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,
No Greek an equal ſpace had e'er poſſeſt,
Of dear affection, in my grateful breaſt.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we ſhar'd,
For his abode a capital prepar'd;
Argos the ſeat of ſov'reign rule I choſe;
Fair in the plan the future palace roſe,
Where my Ulyſſes and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vaſſals had reſign'd a ſoil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had ſtrove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone diſſolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious pow'r the bleſsful ſcene deſtroys;
Vaniſh'd are all the viſionary joys:
The ſoul of friendſhip to my hope is loſt,
Fated to wander from his natal coaſt!
  He ceas'd; a guſt of grief began to riſe:
Faſt ſtreams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;

Faſt for the ſire the filial ſorrows flow;
The weeping monarch ſwells the mighty wo:
Thy cheeks, Piſiſtratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial brother *, on the Phrygian plain
Extended, pale by ſwarthy Memnon ſlain!
But ſilence ſoon the ſon of Neſtor broke,
And, melting with fraternal pity, ſpoke.
Frequent, O king! was Neſtor wont to raiſe
And charm attention with thy copious praiſe:
To crown thy various gifts, the ſage aſſign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that ſuperior attribute controul
This unavailing impotence of ſoul.
Let not your roof with echoing grief reſound,
Now for the feaſt the friendly bowl is crown'd:
But when from dewy ſhade emerging bright,
Aurora ſtreaks the ſky with orient light,
Let each deplore his dead: The rites of wo
Are all, alas! the living can beſtow:
O'er the congenial duſt injoin'd to ſhear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghoſt a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame:
With ſtrength and ſpeed ſuperior form'd, in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early ſnatch'd by fate, ere known to me!
I boaſt a witneſs of his worth in thee.

* Antilochus.

Young and mature! the monarch thus rejoins,
In thee renew'd the ſoul of Neſtor ſhines:
Form'd by the care of that conſummate ſage,
In early bloom an oracle of age.
Whene'er his influence Jove vouchſafes to ſhow'r
To bleſs the natal and the nuptial hour;
From the great ſire tranſmiſſive to the race,
The boon devolving gives diſtinguiſh'd grace.
Such, happy Neſtor! was thy glorious doom;
Around thee, full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;
The gifts of heav'n to guard thy hoary ſtate.
But now let each becalm his troubled breaſt,
Waſh, and partake ſerene the friendly feaſt.
To move thy ſuit, Telemachus, delay
Till heav'n's revolving lamp reſtores the day.
He ſaid: Aſphalion ſwift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful ſprings:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen guſt the ſav'ry viands ſhare.
Meantime, with genial joy to warm the ſoul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inſpiring bowl;
Temper'd with drugs of ſov'reign uſe, t' aſſuage
The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful ſluices of Deſpair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind
All ſenſe of wo delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling ſon, oppreſs'd by ruffian-force,
Fell breathleſs at his feet, a mangled corſe;

From morn to eve, impaſſive and ſerene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful ſcene.
Theſe drugs, ſo friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who ſway'd the ſceptre where prolific Nile
With various ſimples clothes the fatten'd ſoil.
With wholſome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom, taints the plain;
From Paeon ſprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepar'd t' inſpire the feaſt,
The circle thus the beauteous queen addreſt.

Thron'd in omnipotence, ſupremeſt Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm ſanction of his ſov'reign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feaſtful mirth be this white hour aſſign'd,
And ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the mind.
Myſelf aſſiſting in the ſocial joy,
Will tell Ulyſſes' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witneſs of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who ſaw) his wonders in the war.

Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own ſabre gave,
In the vile habit of a village ſlave:
The foe deceiv'd, he paſs'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hoſtile train.
In this attire ſecure from ſearching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark diſguiſe
The chief I challeng'd; he, whoſe practis'd wit
Knew all the ſerpent-mazes of deceit,
Eludes my ſearch: But when his form I view'd,
Freſh from the bath, with fragrant oils renew'd,

His limbs in military purple dreſs'd;
Each bright'ning grace the genuine Greek confeſs'd.
A previous pledge of ſacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his ſtay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war againſt the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the ſecrets of the ſtate,
He learn'd what beſt might urge the Dardan fate:
And ſafe returning to the Grecian hoſt,
Sent many a ſhade to Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Long grief reſounded through the tow'rs of Troy,
But my pleas'd boſom glow'd with ſecret joy;
For then with dire remorſe, and conſcious ſhame,
I view'd th' effects of that diſaſtrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Conſtrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterneſs of ſoul deplor'd
My abſent daughter, and my dearer lord;
Admir'd among the firſt of human race,
For ev'ry gift of mind, and manly grace.
Right well, reply'd the king, your ſpeech diſplays
The matchleſs merit of the chief you praiſe:
Heroes in various climes myſelf have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd;
But Ithacus, unrival'd in his claim,
May boaſt a title to the loudeſt fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid ſtorm,
Wiſe to reſolve, and patient to perform.
What wond'rous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vaſt fabric of the ſteed we rear'd!
Some daemon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deiphobus to come

T' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow pacing thrice around th' inſidious pile;
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their ſpouſes ſpoke:
The pleaſing ſounds each latent warrior warm'd,
But moſt Tydides and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the ſteed we both impatient preſs,
Threat'ning to anſwer from the dark receſs.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd,
And the vain ardours of our love reſtrain'd:
But Anticlus, unable to controul,
Spoke loud the language of his yerning ſoul.
Ulyſſes ſtraight, with indignation fir'd,
(For ſo the common care of Greece requir'd),
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
Till on his tongue the flutt'ring murmurs dy'd.
Meantime Minerva from the fraudful horſe,
Back to the court of Priam bent your courſe.
Inclement fate! Telemachus replies,
Frail is the boaſted attribute of wiſe:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar hoſt,
Is in the common maſs of matter loſt!
But now let ſleep the baneful waſte repair
Of ſad reflection, and corroding care.
He ceas'd: The menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of ſtate:
Beneath an ample portico, they ſpread
The downy fleece, to form the ſlumb'rous bed;
And o'er ſoft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapeſtry, ſtiff with inwoven gold:
Then through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy reſt
Th' obſequious herald guides each princely gueſt:

While to his regal bow'r the king aſcends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.
Soon as the morn, in orient purple dreſt,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roſeate eaſt,
The monarch roſe; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his veſt he threw;
The glitt'ring zone athwart his ſhoulder caſt,
A ſtarry faulchion low-depending grac'd;
Claſp'd on his feet th' embroider'd ſandals ſhine,
And forth he moves, majeſtic and divine:
Inſtant to young Telemachus he preſs'd,
And thus benevolent his ſpeech addreſs'd.
Say, royal youth, ſincere of ſoul, report
What cauſe hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domeſtic cares conſtrain
This toilſome voyage o'er the ſurgy main?
O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A ſuppliant to your royal court I come.
Our ſov'reign ſeat a lewd uſurping race
With lawleſs riot and miſrule diſgrace;
To pamper'd inſolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choiceſt of the ſtall:
For wild ambition wings their bold deſire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aſpire.
But proſtrate, I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful ſeries of my father's fate:
Each known diſaſter of the man diſcloſe,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with ſtoried grief the filial ear:

If e'er Ulyſſes, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils atteſt,
To the ſire's merit give the ſon's requeſt.
Deep from his inmoſt ſoul Atrides ſigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd.
Heav'ns! would a ſoft, inglorious, daſtard train
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades,
A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flow'ry lawns:
Meantime return'd, with dire remorſeleſs ſway
The monarch ſavage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulyſſes ſoon ſhall re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove, ſupreme, whom gods and men revere!
And thou *, to whom 'tis giv'n to gild the ſphere!
With pow'r congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wiſh the warrior ſoon reſtore,
As when, contending on the Leſbian ſhore,
His proweſs Philomelides confeſs'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſs'd:
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed and throne,
Their love preſumptuous ſhall with life atone.
With patient ear, oh royal youth! attend
The ſtoried labours of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth ſevere ſhall dictate to my tongue:

* Apollo.

Learn what I heard the ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eye can pierce the dark receſs of fate.
Long on th' Ægyptian coaſt by calms confin'd,
Heav'n to my fleet refus'd a proſp'rous wind:
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim ſlain!
For this the gods each fav'ring gale reſtrain:
Jealous to ſee their high beheſts obey'd,
Severe, if men th' eternal rights invade!
High o'er a gulfy ſea, the Pharian iſle
Fronts the deep roar of diſemboguing Nile:
Her diſtance from the ſhore, the courſe begun
At dawn, and ending with the ſetting ſun,
A galley meaſures; when the ſtiffer gales
Riſe on the poop, and fully ſtretch the ſails.
There, anchor'd veſſels ſafe in harbour lie,
Whilſt limpid ſprings the failing caſk ſupply.
And now the twentieth ſun deſcending, laves
His glowing axle in the weſtern waves;
Still with expanded ſails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main;
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhauſted ſtores.
When lo! a bright cerulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to diſpel my fears;
Proteus her ſire divine. With pity preſs'd,
Me ſole the daughter of the deep addreſs'd;
What time, with hunger pin'd, my abſent mates
Roam the wide iſle in ſearch of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd ſteel, and from the fiſhy flood
Appeaſe th' afflictive fierce deſire of food.
Whoe'er thou art (the azure goddeſs cries)
Thy conduct ill deſerves the praiſe of wiſe.

Is death thy choice, or miſery thy boaſt,
That here inglorious on a barren coaſt
Thy brave aſſociates droop, a meagre train,
With famine pale, and aſk thy care in vain?
Struck with the kind reproach, I ſtraight reply:
Whate'er thy title in thy native ſky,
A goddeſs ſure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks thee deſcendent of aetherial race:
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heav'nly pow'r averſe my ſtay conſtrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchſafe to ſhew,
(For what's ſequeſter'd from celeſtial view?)
What pow'r becalms th' innavigable ſeas?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appeaſe?
I ceas'd; when affable the goddeſs cry'd:
Obſerve, and in the truths I ſpeak confide:
Th' orac'lous ſeer frequents the Pharian coaſt,
From whoſe high bed my birth divine I boaſt:
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's wat'ry reign.
Watch with inſidious care his known abode;
There faſt in chains conſtrain the various god:
Who bound, obedient to ſuperior force,
Unerring will preſcribe your deſtin'd courſe.
If ſtudious of your realms, you then demand,
Their ſtate, ſince laſt you left your natal land;
Inſtant the god obſequious will diſcloſe
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.
She ceas'd; and ſuppliant thus I made reply:
O goddeſs! on thy aid my hopes rely:
Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful ſeer?

For perilous th' eſſay, unheard the toil,
T' elude the preſcience of a god by guile.
Thus to the goddeſs mild my ſuit I end.
Then ſhe: Obedient to my rule, attend.
When through the zone of heav'n the mounted ſun
Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;
The ſeer, while zephyrs curl the ſwelling deep,
Baſks on the breezy ſhore, in grateful ſleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocae ſwift ſurround his rocky cave,
Frequent and full; the conſecrated train
Of her *, whoſe azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd exhales
An oily ſteam, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that receſs, commodious for ſurpriſe,
When purple light ſhall next ſuffuſe the ſkies,
With me repair; and from thy warrior-band
Three choſen chiefs of dauntleſs ſoul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil,
For ſtrong the god, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the ſhelly ſhore, he firſt ſurveys
The flouncing herd aſcending from the ſeas;
Their number ſumm'd, repos'd in ſleep profound
The ſcaly charge their guardian god ſurround:
So with his batt'ning flocks the careful ſwain
Abides, pavilion'd on the graſſy plain.
With pow'rs united, obſtinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the ſcaly fold:
Inſtant he wears, eluſive of the rape,
The mimic force of ev'ry ſavage ſhape:

* Amphitrite.

Or glides with liquid lapſe a murm'ring ſtream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at ev'ry limb.
Yet ſtill retentive, with redoubled might
Through each vain paſſive form conſtrain his flight.
But when, his native ſhape reſum'd, he ſtands
Patient of conqueſt, and your cauſe demands;
The cauſe that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And ſooth the vanquiſh'd with a victor's pray'r.
The bands relax'd, implore the ſeer to ſay
What godhead interdicts the wat'ry way?
Who ſtraight propitious, in prophetic ſtrain,
Will teach you to repaſs th' unmeaſur'd main.
She ceas'd, and bounding from the ſhelfy ſhore,
Round the deſcending nymphs the waves redounding
roar.
High rapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I ſpeed:
The wants of nature with repaſt ſuffice,
Till night with grateful ſhade involv'd the ſkies,
And ſhed ambroſial dews. Faſt by the deep,
Along the tented ſhore, in balmy ſleep
Our cares were loſt. When o'er the eaſtern lawn,
In ſaffron robes, the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her roſy ſteps; before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the gods I pay;
Then ſeek the place the ſea-born nymph aſſign'd,
With three aſſociates of undaunted mind.
Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed ſtrand
For each a bed, ſhe ſcoops the hilly ſand:
Then from her azure car, the finny ſpoils
Of four vaſt Phocae takes, to veil her wiles;

Beneath the finny ſpoils extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to ſhun;
New from the corſe, the ſcaly frauds diffuſe
Unſavoury ſtench of oil, and brackiſh ooze:
But the bright ſea-maid's gentle pow'r implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the ſick'ning ſenſe reſtor'd.
Thus till the ſun had travell'd half the ſkies,
Ambuſh'd we lie, and wait the bold empriſe:
When thronging thick to baſk in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the ſtrand repair:
Couch'd on the ſunny ſand, the monſters ſleep:
Then Proteus mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit:
(In order told, we make the ſum complete.)
Pleas'd with the falſe review, ſecure he lies,
And leaden ſlumbers preſs his drooping eyes.
Ruſhing impetuous forth, we ſtraight prepare
A furious onſet with the ſound of war,
And ſhouting ſeize the god: Our force t' evade
His various arts he ſoon reſumes in aid:
A lion now, he curls a ſurgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a ſpotted pard reſtrain;
Then arm'd with tuſks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obſcener ſhape the god belies:
On ſpiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
Here, from our ſtrict embrace a ſtream he glides:
And laſt, ſublime his ſtately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-diſſembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with ſuperior pow'r compreſs'd,
Me with reluctance thus the ſeer addreſs'd.
Say, ſon of Atreus, ſay what god inſpir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon deſir'd?

I thus: O thou, whoſe certain eye foreſees
The fix'd event of fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toils endur'd,
Still on this deſert iſle my fleet is moor'd,
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! ſay,
What godhead interdicts the wat'ry way?
What vows repentant will the pow'r appeaſe,
To ſpeed a proſp'rous voyage o'er the ſeas?
To Jove, (with ſtern regard the god replies),
And all th' offended ſynod of the ſkies,
Juſt hecatombs, with due devotion ſlain,
Thy guilt abſolv'd, a proſp'rous voyage gain.
To the firm ſanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor ſight of natal ſhore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but ſtill art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the ſecret ſource
Of Jove's high ſeat deſcends with ſweepy force,
Muſt view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his ſanguine ſhore.
Then will the gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a ſafe return accord.
He ceas'd. Heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A ſhelfy tract, and long!), O ſeer, I cry,
To the ſtern ſanction of th' offended ſky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to ſay,
What fate propitious, or what dire diſmay
Suſtain thoſe peers, the reliques of our hoſt,
Whom I with Neſtor on the Phrygian coaſt
Embracing left? Muſt I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monſtrous deep?

Or did the kind domeſtic friend deplore
The breathleſs heroes on their native ſhore?
Preſs not too far, reply'd the god: but ceaſe
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly wo
Thy breaſt will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live; the reſt, a lamentable train!
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremoſt in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whoſe arms with conqueſt in thy cauſe were crown'd,
Fell by diſaſtrous fate; by tempeſts toſt,
A third lives wretched on a diſtant coaſt.
By Neptune reſcu'd from Minerva's hate,
On Gyrae, ſafe Oilean Ajax ſat,
His ſhip o'erwhelm'd; but frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the gods;
To his own proweſs all the glory gave,
The pow'r defrauding who vouchſaf'd to ſave.
This heard the raging ruler of the main;
His ſpear, indignant for ſuch high diſdain,
He launch'd, dividing with his forky mace
Th' aerial ſummit from the marble baſe:
The rock ruſh'd ſea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyſs the boaſter bore.
By Juno's guardian aid, the wat'ry vaſt,
Secure of ſtorms, your royal brother paſt:
Till coaſting nigh the cape, where Malea ſhrouds
Her ſpiry cliffs amid ſurrounding clouds,
A whirling guſt tumultuous from the ſhore,
Acroſs the deep his lab'ring veſſel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coaſt he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyeſtes reign'd;

But when his hoary honours bow'd to fate,
Ægyſthus govern'd in paternal ſtate.
The ſurges now ſubſide, the tempeſt ends;
From his tall ſhip the king of men deſcends:
There fondly thinks the gods conclude his toil!
Far from his own domain ſalutes the ſoil:
With rapture oft the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the diſtant ſtrand,
A ſpy diſtinguiſh'd from his airy ſtand;
To bribe whoſe vigilance, Ægyſthus told
A mighty ſum of ill-perſuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;
And now admoniſh'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The miniſters of blood in dark ſurpriſe:
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Cloſe ambuſh'd nigh the ſpacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hoſpitable treat:
Vain ſhews of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of courſers, and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads: The royal gueſt,
Thoughtleſs of ill, accepts the fraudful feaſt.
The troop forth iſſuing from the dark receſs,
With homicidal rage the king oppreſs!
So, whilſt he feeds luxurious in the ſtall,
The ſov'reign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:

Mix'd with the brave, the baſe invaders bleed;
Ægyſthus ſole ſurvives to boaſt the deed.
He ſaid: Chill horrors ſhook my ſhiv'ring ſoul,
Rack'd with convulſive pangs in duſt I roul;
And hate, in madneſs of extreme deſpair,
To view the ſun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, ſuperior to the rage of wo,
I ſtood reſtor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying god began—
Forget the brother, and reſume the man:
To fate's ſupreme diſpoſe the dead reſign,
That care be fate's, a ſpeedy paſſage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful ſword;
Unleſs with filial rage Oreſtes glow,
And ſwift prevent the meditated blow:
You timely will return a welcome gueſt,
With him to ſhare the ſad funereal feaſt.
He ſaid: New thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy ſoul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I addreſt
The preſcient godhead to reveal the reſt.
The doom decreed of thoſe diſaſtrous two
I've heard with pain; but oh! the tale purſue;
What third brave ſon of Mars the fates conſtrain
To roam the howling deſert of the main;
Or in eternal ſhade if cold he lies,
Provoke new ſorrow from theſe grateful eyes.
That chief (rejoin'd the god) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes ſurvives;
Laertes' ſon: Girt with circumfluous tides,
He ſtill calamitous conſtraint abides.

Him in Calypſo's cave of late I view'd,
When ſtreaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his pray'r, his arts are vain to move
Th' enamour'd goddeſs, or elude her love:
His veſſel ſunk, and dear companions loſt,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coaſt.
But, oh belov'd by heav'n! reſerv'd to thee
A happier lot the ſmiling fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whoſe mortal ſway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
Elyſium ſhall be thine; the bliſsful plains
Of utmoſt earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:
Stern winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime:
The fields are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy ſnow;
But from the breezy deep the bleſs'd inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the weſtern gale.
This grace peculiar will the gods afford
To thee the ſon of Jove, and beauteous Helen's lord.
He ceas'd, and plunging in the vaſt profound,
Beneath the god the whirling billows bound.
Then ſpeeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the ſhore I ſought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
Till night with ſilent ſhade inveſts the pole;
Then loſe the cares of life in pleaſing reſt.—
Soon as the morn reveals the roſeate eaſt,
With ſails we wing the maſts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and ruſh into the ſea.

Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then ſteering backward from the Pharian iſle,
We gain the ſtream of Jove-deſcended Nile;
There quit the ſhips, and on the deſtin'd ſhore
With ritual hecatombs the gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name,
A cenotaph I raiſe of deathleſs fame.
Theſe rites to piety and grief diſcharg'd,
The friendly gods a ſpringing gale enlarg'd:
The fleet ſwift tilting o'er the ſurges flew,
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a bliſsful view!
Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A ſtory, fruitful of diſaſtrous fate:
And now, young prince, indulge my fond requeſt:
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal gueſt,
Till from his eaſtern goal the joyous ſun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Meantime my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three ſprightly courſers, and a poliſh'd car:
With theſe, a goblet of capacious mold,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the gods), ſhall prove
A pledge and monument of ſacred love.
My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
Damps the warm wiſhes of my raptur'd mind:
Did not my fate my needful haſte conſtrain,
Charm'd by your ſpeech, ſo graceful and humane,
Loſt in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my liſt'ning ſoul.
But now to Pyle permit my deſtin'd way,
My lov'd aſſociates chide my long delay.

In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the preſent of the promis'd vaſe;
The courſers for the champaign ſports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain-goat to browze;
But neither mead nor plain ſupplies, to feed
The ſprightly courſer, or indulge his ſpeed:
To ſea-ſurrounded realms the gods aſſign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the leaſt to mine.
His hand the king with tender paſſion preſs'd,
And ſmiling, thus the royal youth addreſs'd:
O early worth! a ſoul ſo wiſe, and young,
Proclaims you from the ſage Ulyſſes ſprung.
Selected from my ſtores, of matchleſs price
An urn ſhall recompence your prudent choice:
Not mean the maſſy mold of ſilver, grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd:
A pledge the ſceptred pow'r of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.
Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feaſt prepare:
The firſtlings of the flock are doom'd to die;
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl ſupply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.
Meanwhile, in Ithaca, the ſuitor-pow'rs
In active games divide their jovial hours:
In areas vary'd with Moſaic art,
Some whirl the diſk, and ſome the jav'lin dart.
Aſide, ſequeſter'd from the vaſt reſort,
Antinous ſat ſpectator of the ſport;

With great Eurymachus, of worth confeſt,
And high deſcent, ſuperior to the reſt;
Whom young Noemon lowly thus addreſt.
My ſhip equipp'd within the neighb'ring port,
The prince departing for the Pylian court,
Requeſted for his ſpeed; but, courteous, ſay
When ſteers he home? or why this long delay?
For Elis I ſhould ſail with utmoſt ſpeed,
T' import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,
And twelve young mules, a ſtrong, laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.
Unknowing of the courſe to Pyle deſign'd,
A ſudden horror ſeiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bow'r they fondly thought,
Numb'ring his flocks and herds, not far remote.
Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile,
When ſpread the prince his ſail for diſtant Pyle?
Did choſen chiefs acroſs the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domeſtic train?
Spontaneous did you ſpeed his ſecret courſe,
Or was the veſſel ſeiz'd by fraud or force?
With willing duty, nor reluctant mind,
(Noemon cry'd), the veſſel was reſign'd.
Who, in the balance with the great affairs
Of courts, preſume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in pow'r to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or ſome celeſtial in his rev'rend form,
Safe from the ſecret rock and adverſe ſtorm,
Pilots their courſe: For when the glimm'ring ray
Of yeſter dawn diſclos'd the tender day,

Mentor himſelf I ſaw, and much admir'd.——
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.
Confounded and appall'd, th' unfiniſh'd game
The ſuitors quit, and all to council came:
Antinous firſt th' aſſembled peers addreſt,
Rage ſparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breaſt.
O ſhame to manhood! ſhall one daring boy
The ſcheme of all our happineſs deſtroy?
Fly unperceiv'd, ſeducing half the flow'r
Of nobles, and invite a foreign pow'r?
The pond'rous engine rais'd to cruſh us all,
Recoiling, on his head is ſure to fall.
Inſtant prepare me, on the neighb'ring ſtrand,
With twenty choſen mates a veſſel mann'd;
For, ambuſh'd cloſe beneath the Samian ſhore,
His ſhip returning ſhall my ſpies explore:
He ſoon his raſhneſs ſhall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.
With vaſt applauſe the ſentence all approve;
Then riſe, and to the feaſtful hall remove:
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the conſult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron ſtands,
And thus the meſſage of his haſte demands.
What will the ſuitors? muſt my ſervant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form ſome exquiſite repaſt?
Heav'n grant this feſtival may prove their laſt!
Or, if they ſtill muſt live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love!
Forbear, ye ſons of inſolence! forbear,
In riot to conſume a wretched heir.

In the young ſoul illuſtrious thought to raiſe,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulyſſes' praiſe?
Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,
Gentle of ſpeech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-minions veſt the power:
Ulyſſes let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all:
But abſent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His ſtores ye ravage, and uſurp his ſtate.
He thus: O were the woes you ſpeak the worſt!
They form a deed more odious and accurſt;
More dreadful than your boding ſoul divines:
But pitying Jove avert the dire deſigns!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to periſh in a deathful ſnare:
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle reſailing and the Spartan court,
Horrid to ſpeak! in ambuſh is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!
Sudden ſhe ſunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital ſtreams a chilling horror froze:
The big round tear ſtands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With ſighs, ſhe thus expreſs'd her anxious love.
Why raſhly would my ſon his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the ſafer ſhore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave!
'Tis not, reply'd the ſage, to Medon giv'n
To know, if ſome inhabitant of heav'n

In his young breaſt the daring thought inſpir'd;
Or if, alone with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his abſent father's doom.
The ſage retir'd. Unable to controul
The mighty griefs that ſwell her lab'ring ſoul,
Rolling convulſive on the floor, is ſeen
The piteous object of a proſtrate queen.
Words to her dumb complaint a pauſe ſupplies,
And breath, to waſte in unavailing cries.
Around their ſov'reign wept the menial fair,
To whom ſhe thus addreſs'd her deep deſpair.
Behold a wretch, whom all the gods conſign
To wo! Did ever ſorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my deareſt lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:
Now from my fond embrace, by tempeſts torn,
Our other column of the ſtate is born:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor ſought conſent!—
Unkind confed'rates in his dire intent!
Ill ſuits it with your ſhews of duteous zeal,
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
Though at the ſolemn midnight-hour he roſe,
Why did you fear to trouble my repoſe?
He either had obey'd my fond deſire,
Or ſeen his mother pierc'd with grief expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful ſlave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
To tend the fruit-groves: With inceſſant ſpeed
He ſhall this violence of death decreed,
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage,

Convene the tribes, the murd'rous plot reveal,
And to their pow'r to ſave his race appeal.
Then Euryclea thus: My deareſt dread!
Though to the ſword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conſcious of th' unpleaſing deed:
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the veſſel ſtor'd:
A ſolemn oath, impos'd, the ſecret ſeal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heav'n reveal'd.
Dreading th' effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the martial * maid,
And reſt affianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of ſtate the miſeries of age:
'Tis impious to ſurmiſe, the pow'rs divine
To ruin doom the Jove-deſcended line:
Long ſhall the race of juſt Arceſius reign,
And iſles remote enlarge his old domain.
The queen her ſpeech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes reſtrain the ſilver-ſtreaming tears;
She bathes, and rob'd, the ſacred dome aſcends:
Her pious ſpeed a female train attends:
The ſalted cakes in caniſters are laid;
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid.
Daughter divine of Jove, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!

* Minerva.

If e'er Ulyſſes to thy fane preferr'd
The beſt and choiceſt of his flock and herd;
Hear, goddeſs, hear, by thoſe oblations won;
And for the pious ſire preſerve the ſon:
His wiſh'd return with happy pow'r befriend,
And on the ſuitors let thy wrath deſcend.

She ceas'd; ſhrill ecſtaſies of joy declare
The fav'ring goddeſs preſent to the pray'r.
The ſuitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A ſignal of her hymenaeal choice:
Whilſt one moſt jovial thus accoſts the board;
"Too late the queen ſelects a ſecond lord:
"In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
"When o'er her ſon diſaſtrous death impends."
Thus he, unſkill'd of what the fates provide!
But with ſevere rebuke Antinous cry'd.

Theſe empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;
Alarm not with diſcourſe the menial train:
The great event with ſilent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counſel muſt commend.

His ſpeech thus ended ſhort, he frowning roſe,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour choſe:
Down to the ſtrand he ſpeeds with haughty ſtrides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the veſſel rides,
Replete with mail and military ſtore,
In all her tackle trim to quit the ſhore.
The deſp'rate crew aſcend, unfurl the ſails:
(The ſea-ward prow invites the tardy gales);
Then take repaſt, till Heſperus diſplay'd
His golden circlet in the weſtern ſhade.

Meantime the queen without refection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of ſtate withdrew:

In her ſad breaſt the prince's fortunes roul,
And hope and doubt alternate ſeize her ſoul.
So when the wood-man's toil her cave ſurrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove reſounds;
With grief and rage the mother-lion ſtung
Fearleſs herſelf, yet trembles for her young.
While penſive in the ſilent ſlumb'rous ſhade,
Sleep's gentle pow'rs her drooping eyes invade;
Minerva, life-like on embody'd air,
Impreſs'd the form of Iphthima the fair:
(Icarius' daughter ſhe, whoſe blooming charms
Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms;
A ſcepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Theſſaly wide-ſtretch'd his ample reign):
As Pallas will'd, along the ſable ſkies,
To calm the queen, the phantom ſiſter flies.
Swift on the regal dome deſcending right,
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
Cloſe to her head the pleaſing viſion ſtands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands.
O why, Penelope, this cauſeleſs fear!
To render ſleep's ſoft bleſſing unſincere?
Alike devote to ſorrow's dire extreme
The day-reflection, and the midnight-dream!
Thy ſon the gods propitious will reſtore,
And bid thee ceaſe his abſence to deplore.
To whom the queen, (whilſt yet her penſive mind
Was in the ſilent gates of ſleep confin'd):
O ſiſter, to my ſoul for ever dear!
Why this firſt viſit to reprove my fear?
How in a realm ſo diſtant ſhould you know
From what deep ſource my ceaſeleſs ſorrows flow?

To all my hopes my royal lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:
And with conſummate wo to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours, and his crown,
My darling ſon is fled! an eaſy prey
To the fierce ſtorms, or men more fierce than they;
Who in a league of blood aſſociates ſworn,
Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.

Courage reſume, the ſhadowy form reply'd,
In the protecting care of heav'n confide:
On him attends the blue-ey'd martial maid;
What earthly can implore a ſurer aid?
Me now the guardian goddeſs deigns to ſend,
To bid thee patient his return attend.

The queen replies: If in the bleſs'd abodes,
A goddeſs, thou haſt commerce with the gods;
Say, breathes my lord the bleſsful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?

Inquire not of his doom, the phantom cries:
I ſpeak not all the counſel of the ſkies;
Nor muſt indulge with vain diſcourſe, or long,
The windy ſatisfaction of the tongue.

Swift through the valves the viſionary fair
Repaſs'd, and viewleſs mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes;
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The viſion, manifeſt of future fate,
Makes her with hope her ſon's arrival wait.

Meantime the ſuitors plow the wat'ry main,
Telemachus in thought already ſlain!
When ſight of leſs'ning Ithaca was loſt,
Their ſail directed for the Samian coaſt,

A ſmall but verdant iſle appear'd in view,
And Aſteris th' advancing pilot knew:
An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling ſtorm:
That ſafe receſs they gain with happy ſpeed,
And in cloſe ambuſh wait the murd'rous deed.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Departure of Ulyſſes from Calypſo.

PALLAS, in a council of the gods, complains of the detention of Ulyſſes in the iſland of Calypſo; whereupon Mercury is ſent to command his removal. The ſeat of Calypſo deſcribed. She conſents with much difficulty, and Ulyſſes builds a veſſel with his own hands, in which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempeſt, in which he is ſhipwrecked, and in the laſt danger of death; till Leucothea, a ſea-goddeſs, aſſiſts him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets aſhore on Phaeacia.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Departure of Ulysses from Calypso.

PALLAS, in a council of the gods, complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso; whereupon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The fear of Calypso debated. She consents with much difficulty, and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, in which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death; till Leucothea, a sea-goddess, aids him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets above on Phaeacia.

BOOK V.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.
Then met th' eternal synod of the sky,
Before the god who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, sublime in majesty,
Pallas, to these, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates;
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying pow'r,
The nymphs seducements, and the magic bow'r.
Thus she began her plaint. Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blessful seats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
Or bless a people willing to obey,
But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And ev'ry monarch be the scourge of God;
If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.
Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
Unbless'd he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way.
And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ;

Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To ſacred Pylos and to Sparta came.
What words are theſe? (reply'd the pow'r who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens heav'n with ſtorms).
Is not already in thy ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot Wiſdom do? Thou mayſt reſtore
The ſon in ſafety to his native ſhore;
While the fell foes who late in ambuſh lay,
With fraud defeated meaſure back their way.
Then thus to Hermes the command was giv'n.
Hermes, thou choſen meſſenger of heav'n!
Go, to the nymph be theſe our orders born:
'Tis Jove's decree Ulyſſes ſhall return:
The patient man ſhall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding gods:
In twice ten days ſhall fertile Scheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phaeacians there, whoſe haughty line
Is mix'd with gods, half human, half divine,
The chief ſhall honour as ſome heav'nly gueſt,
And ſwift tranſport him to his place of reſt;
His veſſels loaded with a plenteous ſtore
Of braſs, of veſtures, and reſplendent ore;
(A richer prize than if his joyful iſle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble ſpoil):
His friends, his country he ſhall ſee, though late;
Such is our ſov'reign will, and ſuch is fate.
He ſpoke. The god who mounts the winged winds,
Faſt to his feet his golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight ſuſtain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main.

He graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye:
Then ſhoots from heav'n to high Pieria's ſteep,
And ſtoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So wat'ry fowl, that ſeek their fiſhy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now ſailing ſmooth the level ſurface ſweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the diſtant iſland roſe in view:
Then ſwift aſcending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found,
(The fair-hair'd nymph, with ev'ry beauty crown'd);
She ſat and ſung; the rocks reſound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a riſing blaze;
Cedar and frankincenſe, an od'rous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the iſle;
While ſhe with work and ſong the time divides,
And through the loom the golden ſhuttle guides.
Without the grot, a various ſylvan ſcene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding cypreſs form'd a fragrant ſhade;
On whoſe high branches, waving with the ſtorm,
The birds of broadeſt wing their manſion form,
The chough, the ſea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And ſcream aloft, and ſkim the deeps below.
Depending vines the ſhelving cavern ſcreen,
With purple cluſters bluſhing through the green.

Four limpid fountains from the clefts diſtil,
And ev'ry fountain pours a ſev'ral rill,
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A ſcene, where if a god ſhould caſt his ſight,
A god might gaze, and wonder with delight!
Joy touch'd the meſſenger of heav'n: He ſtay'd
Entranc'd, and all the bleſsful haunt ſurvey'd.
Him, ent'ring in the cave, Calypſo knew;
For pow'rs celeſtial to each other's view
Stand ſtill confeſs'd, though diſtant far they lie,
Or habitants of earth, or ſea, or ſky.
But ſad Ulyſſes, by himſelf apart,
Pour'd the big ſorrows of his ſwelling heart;
All on the lonely ſhore he ſat to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the reſtleſs deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coaſt he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Now graceful ſeated on her ſhining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun.
God of the golden wand! on what beheſt
Arriv'ſt thou here, an unexpected gueſt?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainties of my bow'r.
Thus having ſpoke, the nymph the table ſpread,
(Ambroſial cates, with nectar roſy-red);
Hermes the hoſpitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then recruited, ſpoke.

What mov'd this journey from my native ſky,
A goddeſs aſks, nor can a god deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,
Unwilling, have I trod this pleaſing land;
For who, ſelf-mov'd, with weary wing would ſweep
Such length of ocean and unmeaſur'd deep;
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or ſacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will ſubmiſſion we muſt pay;
What pow'r ſo great, to dare to diſobey?
A man, he ſays, a man reſides with thee,
Of all his kind moſt worn with miſery:
The Greeks (whoſe arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force on Ilion, in the tenth deſtroy'd).
At length embarking in a luckleſs hour,
With conqueſt proud, incens'd Minerva's pow'r:
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd,
With ſtorms purſu'd them through the liquid world.
There all his veſſels ſunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Sav'd from the jaws of death by heav'n's decree,
The tempeſt drove him to theſe ſhores and thee.
Him Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to diſmiſs; ſo deſtiny commands:
Impatient fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country and his friends.

Ev'n to her inmoſt ſoul the goddeſs ſhook;
Then thus her anguiſh and her paſſion broke.
Ungracious gods! with ſpite and envy curſt!
Still to your own aetherial race the worſt!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only ſweet of life, deſtroy.

Did ever goddeſs by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora ſought Orion's love,
Her joys diſturb'd your bliſsful hours above,
Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapleſs hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw ſtately Ceres to her paſſion yield,
Scarce could Iaſion taſte her heav'nly charms,
But Jove's ſwift lightning ſcorch'd him in her arms.
And is it now my turn, ye mighty pow'rs!
Am I the envy of your bliſsful bow'rs?
A man, an outcaſt to the ſtorm and wave,
It was my crime to pity, and to ſave;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And ſunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean toſt,
The ſport of winds, and driv'n from ev'ry coaſt,
Hither this man of miſeries I led,
Receiv'd the friendleſs, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd!) to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and wo.
'Tis paſt——and Jove decrees he ſhall remove:
Gods as we are, we are but ſlaves to Jove.
Go then he may, (he muſt, if he ordain,
Try all thoſe dangers, all thoſe deeps, again).
But never, never ſhall Calypſo ſend
To toils like theſe, her huſband and her friend.
What ſhips have I, what ſailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet I'll direct the ſafeſt means to go:
That laſt advice is all I can beſtow.

To her the pow'r who bears the charming rod:
Diſmiſs the man, nor irritate the god;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what ſo dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
Thus having ſaid, he cut the cleaving ſky,
And in a moment vaniſh'd from her eye.
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To ſeek Ulyſſes, pac'd along the ſand.
Him penſive on the lonely beach ſhe found,
With ſtreaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native ſhore;
For now the ſoft inchantreſs pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and conſtrain'd by charms,
Abſent he lay in her deſiring arms,
In ſlumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and ſhores conſum'd the tedious day;
There ſat all deſolate, and ſigh'd alone,
With echoing ſorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the reſtleſs main,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.

Here, on his muſing mood the goddeſs preſs'd,
Approaching ſoft; and thus the chief addreſs'd.
Unhappy man! to waſting woes a prey,
No more in ſorrows languiſh life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the riſing ſhip,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To ſtore the veſſel let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and roſy wine,
And life-ſuſtaining bread, and fair array,
And proſp'rous gales to waft thee on thy way.

Theſe, if the gods with my deſires comply,
(The gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better ſkill'd in dark events to come),
In peace ſhall land thee at thy native home.

With ſighs, Ulyſſes heard the words ſhe ſpoke,
Then thus his melancholy ſilence broke.
Some other motive, goddeſs! ſways thy mind,
(Some cloſe-deſign, or turn of womankind);
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a ſlight raft to paſs the ſwelling ſea,
Huge, horrid, vaſt! where ſcarce in ſafety ſails
The beſt built ſhip, though Jove inſpire the gales.
The bold propoſal how ſhall I fulfil,
Dark as I am, unconſcious of thy will?
Swear then, thou mean'ſt not what my ſoul forebodes;
Swear by the ſolemn oath that binds the gods.

Him, while he ſpoke, with ſmiles Calypſo ey'd,
And gently graſp'd his hand, and thus reply'd.
This ſhews thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe?
But hear, oh earth, and hear, ye ſacred ſkies!
And thou, oh Styx! whoſe formidable floods
Glide through the ſhades, and bind th' atteſting gods!
No form'd deſign, no meditated end
Lurks in the counſel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the perſuaſion, and ſincere my aim;
The ſame my practice, were my fate the ſame.
Heav'n has not curs'd me with a heart of ſteel,
But giv'n the ſenſe to pity, and to feel.

Thus having ſaid, the goddeſs march'd before:
He trod her footſteps in the ſandy ſhore.

At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their ſtate;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had ſat.
For him the nymph a rich repaſt ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man ſuſtains;
Before herſelf were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambroſial banquet, and celeſtial wine.
Their hunger ſatiate, and their thirſt repreſt,
Thus ſpoke Calypſo to her god-like gueſt.
Ulyſſes! (with a ſigh ſhe thus began),
O ſprung from gods! in wiſdom more than man;
Is then thy home the paſſion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me? are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'ſt thou be,
Nor break the tranſport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulyſſes! wert thou giv'n to know
What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;
Thy heart might ſettle in this ſcene of eaſe,
And ev'n theſe ſlighted charms might learn to pleaſe,
A willing goddeſs, and immortal life,
Might baniſh from thy mind an abſent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Leſs ſoft my features, leſs auguſt my frame?
Or ſhall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heav'nly fair?
Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Againſt Ulyſſes ſhall thy anger riſe?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh goddeſs! as thou art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a human heart.
Though well I ſee thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the diff'rence know,
And the ſhort date of fading charms below:

Yet ev'ry day, while abſent thus I roam,
I languiſh to return, and die at home.
Whate'er the gods ſhall deſtine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the wat'ry war,
'Tis mine to maſter with a conſtant mind;
Inur'd to perils, to the worſt reſign'd.
By ſeas, by wars, ſo many dangers run,
Still I can ſuffer: Their high will be done.
Thus while he ſpoke, the beamy ſun deſcends,
And riſing night her lonely ſhade extends.
To the cloſe grot the friendly pair remove,
And ſlept delighted with the gifts of love.
When roſy morning call'd them from their reſt,
Ulyſſes rob'd him in his cloke and veſt.
The nymph's fair head a veil tranſparent grac'd,
Her ſwelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
With flow'rs of gold: An under-robe, unbound,
In ſnowy waves flow'd glitt'ring on the ground.
Forth-iſſuing thus, ſhe gave him firſt to wield
A weighty axe, with trueſt temper ſteel'd,
And double-edg'd; the handle ſmooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's eaſy grain;
And next, a wedge, to drive with ſweepy ſway:
Then to the neighb'ring foreſt led the way.
On the lone iſland's utmoſt verge there ſtood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whoſe leafleſs ſummits to the ſkies aſpire,
Scorch'd by the ſun, or ſear'd by heav'nly fire,
(Already dry'd). Theſe pointing out to view,
The nymph juſt ſhew'd him, and with tears withdrew.
Now toils the hero: Trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the foreſts groan:

Sudden, full twenty on the plain are ſtrow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles theſe diſpos'd to join,
He ſmooth'd and ſquar'd him, by the rule and line.
(The wimbles for the work Calypſo found);
With thoſe he pierc'd 'em, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious, as a ſhipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom, to out-ride the ſtorms,
So large he built the raft: Then ribb'd it ſtrong
From ſpace to ſpace, and nail'd the planks along:
Theſe form'd the ſides: The deck he faſhion'd laſt;
Then o'er the veſſel rais'd the taper maſt,
With croſſing ſail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd,
(With yielding oſiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of ſurging waves, and ſteer the ſteady courſe).
Thy loom, Calypſo! for the future ſails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With ſtays and cordage laſt he rigg'd the ſhip,
And, roll'd on lavers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were paſt, and now the work complete,
Shone the fifth morn: When from her ſacred ſeat
The nymph diſmiſs'd him, (od'rous garments giv'n
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heav'n):
Then fill'd two goat-ſkins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with ſable wine:
Of ev'ry kind, proviſions heav'd aboard,
And the full decks with copious viands ſtor'd.
The goddeſs, laſt, a gentle breeze ſupplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the ſkies.
And now rejoicing in the proſp'rous gales,
With beating heart Ulyſſes ſpreads his ſails;

Plac'd at the helm he ſat, and mark'd the ſkies,
Nor clos'd in ſleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the ſky
The Bear revolving, points his golden eye:
Who ſhines exalted on th' aetherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left thoſe radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he ſail'd the deep.
Full ſev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way;
The diſtant land appear'd the following day;
Then ſwell'd to ſight Phaeacia's duſky coaſt,
And woody mountains, half in vapours loſt;
That lay before him, indiſtinct and vaſt,
Like a broad ſhield amid the wat'ry waſte.
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aerial brow,
The king of ocean ſaw, and ſeeing burn'd,
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd):
The raging monarch ſhook his azure head,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſaid.
Heav'ns! how uncertain are the pow'rs on high!
Is then revers'd the ſentence of the ſky,
In one man's favour, while a diſtant gueſt
I ſhar'd ſecure the Æthiopian feaſt?
Behold how near Phaeacia's land he draws!
The land affix'd by fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this ſceptre yet commands the main.
He ſpoke; and high the forky trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and ſtirs the wat'ry world,

At once the face of earth and ſea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouſes all the ſtorms.
Down ruſh'd the night. Eaſt, weſt, together roar,
And ſouth and north roll mountains to the ſhore;
Then ſhook the hero, to deſpair reſign'd,
And queſtion'd thus his yet-unconquer'd mind.

Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my deſtin'd end?
Too well, alas! the iſland goddeſs knew,
On the black ſea what perils ſhould enſue.
New horrors now this deſtin'd head incloſe;
Unfill'd is yet the meaſure of my woes.
With what a cloud the brows of heav'n are crown'd?
What raging winds? what roaring waters round?
'Tis Jove himſelf the ſwelling tempeſt rears;
Death, preſent death, on ev'ry ſide appears.
Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle ſlain,
Preſs'd, in Atrides' cauſe, the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall;
Had ſome diſtinguiſh'd day renown'd my fall,
(Such as was that, when ſhow'rs of jav'lins fled
From conqu'ring Troy around Achilles dead);
All Greece had paid me ſolemn fun'rals then,
And ſpread my glory with the ſons of men.
A ſhameful fate now hides my hapleſs head,
Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead!

A mighty wave ruſh'd o'er him as he ſpoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the maſt it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the ſwelling ſurge the chief was born;
While by the howling tempeſt rent in twain
Flew ſail and ſail-yards rattling o'er the main.

Long preſs'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumb'rous veſt Calypſo gave:
At length emerging, from his noſtrils wide,
And guſhing mouth, effus'd the briny tide.
Ev'n then, not mindleſs of his laſt retreat,
He ſeiz'd the raft, and leap'd into his ſeat,
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood,
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is caſt
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blaſt;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the float, and ſo its texture held:
And now the ſouth, and now the north bear ſway,
And now the eaſt the foamy floods obey,
And now the weſt-wind whirls it o'er the ſea.

The wand'ring chief, with toils on toils oppreſt,
Leucothea ſaw, and pity touch'd her breaſt;
(Herſelf a mortal once, of Cadmus' ſtrain,
But now an azure ſiſter of the main):
Swift as a ſea-mew ſpringing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the goddeſs ſtood;
Then thus addreſs'd him. Thou, whom heav'n decrees
To Neptune's wrath, ſtern tyrant of the ſeas,
(Unequal conteſt); not his rage and pow'r,
Great as he is, ſuch virtue ſhall devour.
What I ſuggeſt thy wiſdom will perform;
Forſake thy float, and leave it to the ſtorm;
Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
With naked ſtrength, and plunge into the wave.
To reach Phaeacia all thy nerves extend,
There fate decrees thy miſeries ſhall end.

This heav'nly ſcarff beneath thy boſom bind,
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy ſhore ſhall gain,
Return the gift, and caſt it in the main:
Obſerve my orders, and with heed obey,
Caſt it far off, and turn thy eyes away.
With that, her hand the ſacred veil beſtows,
Then down the deeps ſhe div'd, from whence ſhe roſe:
A moment ſnatch'd the ſhining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling ſea.
Struck with amaze, yet ſtill to doubt inclin'd,
He ſtands ſuſpended, and explores his mind.
What ſhall I do? unhappy me! who knows
But other gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I ſhall not blindly join,
Thy pleaded reaſon, but conſult with mine:
For ſcarce in ken appears that diſtant iſle
Thy voice foretells me ſhall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge; while yet the planks ſuſtain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempeſt yields,
I launch advent'rous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of gods the ſtrength of man,
And take this method, ſince the beſt I can.
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging god a wat'ry mountain roll'd;
Like a black ſheet the whelming billow ſpread,
Burſt o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, diſparted fly: The ſcatter'd wood
Rolls diverſe, and in fragments ſtrows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new ſhorn,
Toſſes and drives the ſcatter'd heaps of corn.

And now a ſingle beam the chief beſtrides;
There, pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
His limbs diſcumbers of the clinging veſt,
And binds the ſacred cincture round his breaſt:
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and ſhot the ſeas along.
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous ſaid:
Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes eſſay:
Go, wander helpleſs on the wat'ry way:
Thus, thus find out the deſtin'd ſhore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raiſe
Shall laſt remember'd in thy beſt of days.
This ſaid, his ſea-green ſteeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægae and the tow'ry dome.
Now, ſcarce withdrawn the fierce earth ſhaking pow'r,
Jove's daughter Pallas watch'd the fav'ring hour;
Back to their caves ſhe bade the wind to fly,
And huſh'd the bluſt'ring brethren of the ſky.
The drier blaſts alone of Boreas ſway,
And bear him ſoft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that ſhore,
Where fate has deſtin'd he ſhall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were paſt,
Since wide he wander'd on the wat'ry waſte;
Heav'd on the ſurge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;
Then glaſſy ſmooth lay all the liquid plain,

The winds were huſh'd, the billows ſcarcely curl'd,
And a deed ſilence ſtill'd the wat'ry world.
When lifted on a ridgy wave, he ſpies
The land at diſtance, and with ſharpen'd eyes.
As pious children joy with vaſt delight
When a lov'd ſire revives before their ſight,
(Who ling'ring long, has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by ſome daemon to his bed of pain,
Till heav'n by miracle his life reſtore) :
So joys Ulyſſes at th' appearing ſhore ;
And ſees (and labours onward as he ſees)
The riſing foreſts, and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the ſound
Of human voice the liſt'ning ear may wound,
Amidſt the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murm'ring ſurges breaking on the ſhore :
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To ſhield the veſſel from the rolling ſea,
But cliffs, and ſhaggy ſhores, a dreadful ſight!
All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.
Fear ſeiz'd his ſlacken'd limbs and beating heart,
As thus he commun'd with his ſoul apart.

Ah me! when o'er a length of waters toſt,
Theſe eyes at laſt behold th' unhop'd-for coaſt,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above, ſharp rocks forbid acceſs; around
Roar the wild waves; beneath, is ſea profound!
No footing ſure affords the faithleſs ſand,
To ſtem too rapid, and too deep to ſtand.
If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
Daſh'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main ;

Or round the iſland if my courſe I bend,
Where the ports open, or the ſhores deſcend,
Back to the ſeas the rolling ſurge may ſweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep;
Or ſome enormous whale the god may ſend,
(For many ſuch on Amphitrite attend).
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentleſs of my heav'nly foe.

While thus he thought, a monſtrous wave up-bore
The chief, and daſh'd him on the craggy ſhore:
Torn was his ſkin, nor had the ribs been whole,
But inſtant Pallas enter'd in his ſoul.
Cloſe to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And ſtuck adherent, and ſuſpended hung;
Till the huge ſurge roll'd off: Then backward ſweep
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the Polypus, from forth his cave
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave,
His ragged claws are ſtuck with ſtones and ſands;
So the rough rock had ſhagg'd Ulyſſes' hands.
And now had periſh'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
Th' unhappy man; ev'n fate had been in vain:
But all-ſubduing Pallas lent her pow'r,
And prudence ſav'd him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating ſurge his courſe he bore,
(A wider circle, but in ſight of ſhore),
With longing eyes, obſerving, to ſurvey
Some ſmooth aſcent, or ſafe-ſequeſter'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he ſpy'd
A falling ſtream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the ſeas the ſhelving ſhore declin'd,
And form'd a bay, impervious to the wind.

To this calm port the glad Ulyſſes preſs'd,
And hail'd the river, and its god addreſs'd.
Whoe'er thou art, before whoſe ſtream unknown
I bend, a ſuppliant at thy wat'ry throne,
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heav'n hears and pities hapleſs men like me,
For ſacred ev'n to gods is miſery:
Let then thy waters give the weary reſt,
And ſave a ſuppliant, and a man diſtreſt.
He pray'd, and ſtraight the gentle ſtream ſubſides,
Detains the ruſhing current of his tides,
Before the wand'rer ſmooths the wat'ry way,
And ſoft receives him from the rolling ſea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the ſhore,
He dropt his ſinewy arms; his knees no more
Perform their office, or his weight upheld:
His ſwol'n heart heav'd; his bloated body ſwell'd:
From mouth and noſe the briny torrent ran:
And loſt in laſſitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The ſoul ſcarce waking, in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's ſcarf unbound;
Obſervant of her word, he turn'd aſide
His head, and caſt it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves,
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.
Now parting from the ſtream, Ulyſſes found
A moſſy bank, with pliant ruſhes crown'd;
The bank he preſs'd, and gently kiſs'd the ground;

Where on the flow'ry herb as ſoft he lay,
Thus to his ſoul the ſage began to ſay.
What will ye next ordain, ye pow'rs on high!
And yet, ah yet! what fates are we to try?
Here by the ſtream, if I the night outwear,
Thus ſpent already, how ſhall nature bear
The dews deſcending, and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood
When morning riſes?—If I take the wood,
And in thick ſhelter of innum'rous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle ſleep allows;
Though fenc'd from cold, and though my toil be paſt,
What ſavage beaſts may wander in the waſte?
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions, in their way.
Thus long debating in himſelf he ſtood.
At length he took the paſſage to the wood,
Whoſe ſhady horrors on a riſing brow
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the ſtream below.
There grew two olives, cloſeſt of the grove,
With roots intwin'd, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they ſmil'd
With ſiſter-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the ſun's meridian rays had pow'r,
Nor wind ſharp-piercing, nor the ruſhing ſhow'r;
The verdant arch ſo cloſe its texture kept:
Beneath this covert great Ulyſſes crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made,
(Thick ſtrown by tempeſt through the bow'ry ſhade),
Where three at leaſt might winter's cold defy,
Though Boreas rag'd along th' inclement ſky,

This ſtore with joy the patient hero found,
And ſunk amidſt them, heap'd the leaves around.
As ſome poor peaſant, fated to reſide
Remote from neighbours in a foreſt wide,
Studious to ſave what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preſerves the ſeeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulyſſes lies,
Till Pallas pour'd ſoft ſlumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of ſweet repoſe)
Lull'd all his cares, and baniſh'd all his woes.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

PALLAS appearing in a dream to Nauſicaa, (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phaeacia,) commands her to deſcend to the river, and waſh the robes of ſtate, in preparation to her nuptials. Nauſicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are ſpread on the bank, they divert themſelves in ſports. Their voices awake Ulyſſes; who, addreſſing himſelf to the princeſs, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the iſland.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑΣ Λ

BOOK VI.

WHILE thus the weary wand'rer ſunk to reſt,
And peaceful ſlumbers calm'd his anxious breaſt;
The martial maid from heav'n's aerial height
Swift to Phaeacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the ſoft Phaeacian train
In eaſe poſſeſs'd the wide Hyperian plain;
Till the Cyclopean race in arms aroſe,
A lawleſs nation of gigantic foes:
Then great Nauſithous from Hyperia far,
Through ſeas retreating, from the ſound of war,
The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never ſcience rear'd her laurel'd head:
There, round his tribes a ſtrength of wall he rais'd,
To heav'n the glitt'ring domes and temples blaz'd:
Juſt to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And ſhar'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
Now in the ſilent grave the monarch lay,
And wiſe Alcinous held the regal ſway.

To his high palace through the fields of air
The goddeſs ſhot; Ulyſſes was her care.
There as the night in ſilence roll'd away,
A heav'n of charms divine Nauſicaa lay:
Through the thick gloom the ſhining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a grace.
Light as the viewleſs air, the warrior-maid
Glides through the valves, and hovers round her head:
A fav'rite virgin's blooming form ſhe took,
From Dymas ſprung; and thus the viſion ſpoke.

Oh indolent! to waſte thy hours away!
And ſleep'ſt thou, careleſs of the bridal day?
Thy ſpouſal ornament neglected lies;
Ariſe, prepare the bridal train, ariſe!
A juſt applauſe the cares of dreſs impart,
And give ſoft tranſport to a parent's heart.
Haſte, to the limpid ſtream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her ſmiling ray:
Haſte to the ſtream! companion of thy care,
Lo, I thy ſteps attend, thy labours ſhare.
Virgin, awake! the marriage-hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs ſigh!
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and diſtant rolls the wave,
Where their fair veſts Phaeacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the great,
And majeſty derives a grace from ſtate.
Then to the palaces of heav'n ſhe ſails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales;
The ſeat of gods, the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of eaſe.
There no rude winds preſume to ſhake the ſkies,
No rains deſcend, no ſnowy vapours riſe;
But on immortal thrones the bleſs'd repoſe:
The firmament with living ſplendours glows.
Hither the goddeſs wing'd th' aerial way,
Through heav'n's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her roſy car Aurora ſhed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Uproſe the virgin with the morning-light,
Obedient to the viſion of the night.

The queen ſhe ſought: The queen her hours beſtow'd
In curious works; the whirling ſpindle glow'd
With crimſon threads, while buſy damſels cull
The ſnowy fleece, or twiſt the purpled wool.
Meanwhile Phacacia's peers in council ſat;
From his high dome the king deſcends in ſtate:
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him paſſing, and ſubmiſſive ſaid;
Will my dread ſire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain?
Say, with thy garments ſtall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters ſtray?
A dignity of dreſs adorns the great,
And kings draw luſtre from the robe of ſtate.
Five ſons thou haſt; three wait the bridal day:
And ſpotleſs robes become the young and gay:
So when with praiſe amid the dance they ſhine,
By theſe my cares adorn'd, that praiſe is mine.
Thus ſhe: But bluſhes ill-reſtrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conſcious ſire the dawning bluſh ſurvey'd,
And ſmiling, thus beſpoke the blooming maid:
My child, my darling joy! the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter aſks, we give.
Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules inceſſant rein.
The blooming virgin, with diſpatchful cares,
Tunics, and ſtoles, and robes imperial bears.
The queen, aſſiduous, to her train aſſigns
The ſumptuous viands, and the flav'rous wines.
The train prepare a cruiſe of curious mold,
A cruiſe of fragrance, form'd of burniſh'd gold;

Odour divine! whoſe ſoft refreſhing ſtreams
Sleek the ſmooth ſkin, and ſcent the ſnowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay ſeat, the ſilken reins
Shine in her hand: Along the ſounding plains
Swift fly the mules: Nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damſels ſhone.
They ſeek the ciſterns where Phaeacian dames
Waſh their fair garments in the limpid ſtreams;
Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a ſpacious baſin fills.
The mules unharneſs'd range beſide the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the veſtures in the cleanſing wave;
(The veſtures cleans'd o'erſpread the ſhelly ſand,
Their ſnowy luſtre whitens all the ſtrand):
Then with a ſhort repaſt relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuſe ambroſial oil:
And while the robes imbibe the ſolar ray,
O'er the green mead the ſporting virgins play;
(Their ſhining veils unbound). Along the ſkies
Toſs'd, and retoſs'd, the ball inceſſant flies.
They ſport, they feaſt: Nauſicaa lifts her voice,
And warbling ſweet, makes earth and heav'n rejoice.
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' reſounding groves;
A ſylvan train the huntreſs-queen ſurrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her ſhoulder ſounds:
Fierce in the ſport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chaſe the bounding roe;
High o'er the lawn, with more majeſtic pace,
Above the nymphs ſhe treads with ſtately grace;

Diſtinguiſh'd excellence the goddeſs proves;
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves,
With equal grace Nauſicaa trod the plain,
And ſhone tranſcendent o'er the beauteous train.
Meantime (the care and fav'rite of the ſkies)
Wrapt in embow'ring ſhade, Ulyſſes lies,
His woes forgot; But Pallas now addreſt
To break the bands of all-compoſing reſt.
Forth from her ſnowy hand Nauſicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And ſwam the ſtream: Loud ſhrieks the virgin train,
And the loud ſhriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the ſhrilling ſound, Ulyſſes roſe,
And to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes.
Ah me! on what inhoſpitable coaſt,
On what new region is Ulyſſes toſt;
Poſſeſs'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
What ſounds are theſe that gather from the ſhores?
The voice of nymphs that haunt the ſylvan bow'rs,
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the ſhady wood,
Or azure daughters of the ſilver flood,
Or human voice? But, iſſuing from the ſhades,
Why ceaſe I ſtraight to learn what ſound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends,
With forceful ſtrength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture ſpreads
A wreathy foliage, and concealing ſhades.
As when a lion in the midnight-hours,
Beat by rude blaſts, and wet with wint'ry ſhow'rs,

Deſcends terrific from the mountain's brow;
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conſcious ſtrength elate, he bends his way,
Majeſtically fierce, to ſeize his prey,
(The ſteer or ſtag): Or with keen hunger bold
Springs o'er the fence, and diſſipates the fold.
No leſs a terror, from the neighb'ring groves,
Rough from the toſſing ſurge, Ulyſſes moves,
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the ſtorms;
The brackiſh ooze his manly grace deforms.
Wide o'er the ſhore, with many a piercing cry,
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly;
All but the nymph: The nymph ſtood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldneſs not her own.
Meantime in dubious thought the king awaits,
And ſelf-conſidering, as he ſtands, debates;
Diſtant his mournful ſtory to declare,
Or proſtrate at her knee addreſs the pray'r.
But fearful to offend, by wiſdom ſway'd,
At awful diſtance he accoſts the maid.

If from the ſkies a goddeſs, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright diſguiſe
Thou viſit earth, a daughter of the ſkies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntreſs of the groves
So ſhines majeſtic, and ſo ſtately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bleſs'd is the father, from whoſe loins you ſprung,
Bleſs'd is the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung,
Bleſs'd are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To ſuch a miracle of charms ally'd;

Joyful they ſee applauding princes gaze,
When ſtately in the dance you ſwim th' harmonious
maze:
But bleſs'd o'er all, the youth with heav'nly charms,
Who claſps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this bleſs'd hour
Such finiſh'd grace! I gaze and I adore
Thus ſeems the palm with ſtately honours crown'd
By Phoebus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground;
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coaſt
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior-hoſt,
But ah how chang'd! from thence my ſorrow flows;
O fatal voyage, ſource of all my woes!)
Raptur'd I ſtood, and at this hour amaz'd,
With rev'rence at the lofty wonder gaz'd:
Raptur'd I ſtand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant ſo ſtately, or a nymph ſo fair.
Aw'd from acceſs, I lift my ſuppliant hands;
For miſery, oh queen, before thee ſtands!
Twice ten tempeſtuous nights I roll'd, reſign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heav'n bade the deep to ſpare! but heav'n, my foe,
Spares only to inflict ſome mightier wo!
Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms,
Outcaſt I rove, familiar with the ſtorms!
Once more I view the face of human kind:
Oh let ſoft pity touch thy gen'rous mind!
Unconſcious of what air I breathe, I ſtand
Naked, defenceleſs, on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants, a veſt ſupply,
To guard the wretched from th' inclement ſky:

So may the gods who heav'n and earth controul,
Crown the chaſte wiſhes of thy virtuous ſoul,
On thy ſoft hours their choiceſt bleſſings ſhed;
Bleſs'd with a huſband be thy bridal bed;
Bleſs'd be thy huſband with a blooming race,
And laſting union crown your bliſsful days.
The gods, when they ſupremely bleſs, beſtow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and heav'n is in our ſtate.

To whom the nymph: O ſtranger, ceaſe thy care:
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious ſcales,
And the good ſuffers, while the bad prevails.
Bear with a ſoul reſign'd the will of Jove:
Who breathes, muſt mourn: Thy woes are from above.
But, ſince thou tread'ſt our hoſpitable ſhore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide——
Know, the Phaeacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinous' royal loins I ſpring;
A happy nation, and an happy king.

Then to her maids—Why, why, ye coward train,
Theſe fears, this flight? ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? diſmiſs that idle dread;
'Tis death with hoſtile ſtep theſe ſhores to tread:
Safe in the love of heav'n, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes.
'Tis ours this ſon of ſorrow to relieve,
Cheer the ſad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the ſtranger and the poor are ſent;
And what to thoſe we give, to Jove is lent.

Then food ſupply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving ſhades obſcure the mazy ſtreams.
Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the ſecret tide;
Cloſe by the ſtream a royal dreſs they lay,
A veſt and robe, with rich embroid'ry gay:
Then unguents in a vaſe of gold ſupply,
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy ſky.
To them the king. No longer I detain
Your friendly care: Retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave.
Ye gods! ſince this worn frame refection knew,
What ſcenes have I ſurvey'd of dreadful view?
But, nymphs, recede! ſage chaſtity denies
To raiſe the bluſh, or pain the modeſt eyes.
The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flaſhing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuſe,
And from his locks compreſs the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant ſhow'r, he ſheds;
Then, dreſs'd, in pomp magnificently treads.
The warrior goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and air divine:
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks deſcend in wavy curls.
As by ſome artiſt, to whom Vulcan gives
His ſkill divine, a breathing ſtatue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mold,
And o'er the ſilver pours the fuſile gold:
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heav'nly bloom, and like a god he moves.

A fragrance breathes around: Majeſtic grace
Attends his ſteps: Th' aſtoniſh'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murm'ring ſeas,
Inhaling freſhneſs from the fanning breeze.
The wond'ring nymph his glorious port ſurvey'd,
And to her damſels, with amazement, ſaid.
Not without care divine the ſtranger treads
This land of joy: His ſteps ſome godhead leads:
Would Jove deſtroy him, ſure he had been driv'n
Far from this realm, the fav'rite iſle of heav'n.
Late a ſad ſpectacle of wo, he trod
The deſert ſands, and now he looks a god.
Oh heav'n! in my connubial hour decree
This man my ſpouſe, or ſuch a ſpouſe as he
But haſte, the viands and the bowl provide—
The maids the viands and the bowl ſupply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the gen'rous vintage thirſt aſſuag'd.
Now on return her care Nauſicaa bends,
The robes reſumes, the glitt'ring car aſcends,
Far blooming o'er the field: And as ſhe preſs'd
The ſplendid ſeat, the liſt'ning chief addreſs'd.
Stranger, ariſe! the ſun rolls down the day:
Lo, to the palace I direct thy way;
Where in high ſtate the nobles of the land
Attend my royal ſire, a radiant band.
But hear, though wiſdom in thy ſoul preſides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and ev'ry action guides;
Advance at diſtance, while I paſs the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-aſcend—With airy mounds
A ſtrength of wall the guarded city bounds:

The jutting land two ample bays divides:
Full through the narrow mouths descend the tides:
The spacious basons arching rocks inclose,
A sure defence from ev'ry storm that blows.
Close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;
And near, a forum, flank'd with marble shines;
Where the bold youth, the num'rous fleets to store,
Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar:
For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
But the tall mast above the vessel rear,
Or teach the flutt'ring sail to float in air;
They rush into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the deep surge, and through the tempest fly;
A proud, unpolish'd race—To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of sland'rous tongues;
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name.
" What stranger this, whom thus Nausicaa leads?
" Heav'ns! with what graceful majesty he treads?
" Perhaps a native of some distant shore,
" The future consort of her bridal hour;
" Or rather some descendent of the skies;
" Won by her pray'r, th' aerial bridegroom flies.
" Heav'n on that hour its choicest influence shed,
" That gave a sovereign spouse to crown her bed!
" All, all the godlike worthies that adorn
" This realm, she flies; Phaeacia is her scorn."
And just the blame; for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th' offence:
Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaste I blame;
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,

Till our conſenting ſires a ſpouſe provide,
And public nuptials juſtify the bride.
But wouldſt thou ſoon review thy native plain,
Attend, and ſpeedy thou ſhalt paſs the main:
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars crown'd,
To Pallas ſacred, ſhades the holy ground,
We bend our way: A bubbling fount diſtills
A lucid lake, and thence deſcends in rills;
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous ſcene;
Here a rich joice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waſte of flow'rs.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a ſtrong ſhout along the waves of air.
There wait embow'r'd, while I aſcend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.
Arriv'd, advance, impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From ev'ry dome by pomp ſuperior known:
A child may point the way. With earneſt gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of ſtate;
Her royal hand a wondrous work deſigns;
Around a circle of bright damſels ſhines;
Part twiſt the threads, and part the wool diſpoſe,
While with the purple orb the ſpindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian pow'rs,
My royal father ſhares the genial hours.
But to the queen thy mournful tale diſcloſe,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So ſhalt thou view with joy thy natal ſhore,
Though mountains riſe between, and oceans roar.

She added not; but, waving as ſhe wheel'd
The ſilver ſcourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:
With ſkill the virgin guides th' embroider'd rein,
Slow rolls the car before th' attending train.
Now whirling down the heav'ns, the golden day
Shot through the weſtern clouds a dewy ray:
The grove they reach, where from the ſacred ſhade
To Pallas thus the penſive hero pray'd.
Daughter of Jove! whoſe arms in thunder wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield;
Forſook by thee, in vain I ſought thy aid,
When booming billows clos'd above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.
This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly,
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the ſky;
Stern god! who rag'd with vengeance unreſtrain'd,
Till great Ulyſſes hail'd his native land.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

THE princeſs Nauſicaa returns to the city, and Ulyſſes ſoon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to addreſs the queen Arete. She then involves him in a miſt, which cauſes him to paſs inviſible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous deſcribed. Ulyſſes falling at the feet of the queen, the miſt diſperſes, the Phaeacians admire, and receive him with reſpect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypſo, and his arrival on their dominions.

The ſame day continues, and the book ends with the night.

ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗ Ε

BOOK IV

BOOK VII.

THE patient heav'nly man thus ſuppliant pray'd;
While the ſlow mules drew on th' imperial maid:
Thro' the proud ſtreet ſhe moves, the public gaze:
The turning wheel before the palace ſtays.
With ready love her brothers gath'ring round,
Receiv'd the veſtures, and the mules unbound.
She ſeeks the bridal bow'r: A matron there
The riſing fire ſupplies with buſy care.
Whoſe charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd.
Now worn with age, Eurymeduſa nam'd:
The captive dame Phaeacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her ſweet native ſhore,
(A grateful prize!) and in her bloom beſtow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a god:
Nurſe of Nauſicaa from her infant years,
And tender ſecond to a mother's cares.

Now from the ſacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulyſſes took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to ſecure her care,
Around him ſpread a veil of thicken'd air;
To ſhun th' encounter of the vulgar croud,
Inſulting ſtill, inquiſitive and loud.
When near the fam'd Phaeacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His ſtep a virgin met, and ſtood before:
A poliſh'd urn the ſeeming virgin bore,
And youthful ſmil'd; but in the low diſguiſe
Lay hid the goddeſs with the azure eyes.

Show me, fair daughter (thus the chief demands)
The houſe of him who rules theſe happy lands.
Through many woes and wand'rings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hoſpitable dome.
Far from my native coaſt, I rove alone,
A wretched ſtranger, and of all unknown!
The goddeſs anſwer'd: Father, I obey,
And point the wand'ring traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For faſt beſide it dwells my honour'd ſire.
But ſilent march, nor greet the common train
With queſtion needleſs, or inquiry vain.
A race of rugged mariners are theſe;
Unpoliſh'd men, and boiſt'rous as their ſeas:
The native iſlanders alone their care,
And hateful he that breathes a foreign air.
Theſe did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;
On canvas wings to cut the wat'ry way;
No bird ſo light, no thought ſo ſwift as they.
Thus having ſpoke, th' unknown celeſtial leads:
The footſteps of the deity he treads,
And ſecret moves along the crouded ſpace,
Unſeen of all the rude Phaeacian race.
(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The miſt objected, and condens'd the ſkies.)
The chief with wonder ſees th' extended ſtreets,
The ſpreading harbours, and the riding fleets;
He next their princes lofty domes admires,
In ſep'rate iſlands, crown'd with riſing ſpires;
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of ſtone,
That gird the city like a marble zone.

At length the kingly palace-gates he view'd;
There ſtopp'd the goddeſs, and her ſpeech renew'd.
My taſk is done: The manſion you inquire
Appears before you: Enter, and admire.
High-thron'd, and feaſting, there thou ſhalt behold
The ſcepter'd rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldneſs ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a ſtranger recommends.
First to the queen prefer a ſuppliant's claim,
Alcinous queen, Arete is her name,
The ſame her parents, and her pow'r the ſame.
For know, from ocean's god Nauſithous ſprung,
And Peribaea, beautiful and young:
(Eurymedon's laſt hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Periſh'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Periſh'd the prince, and left this only heir;)
Who now, by Neptune's am'rous pow'r compreſs'd,
Produc'd a monarch that his people bleſs'd,
Father and prince of the Phaeacian name;
From him Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
The firſt by Phoebus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapleſs youth! expir'd.
No ſon ſurviv'd: Arete heir'd his ſtate,
And her Alcinous choſe his royal mate.
With honours yet to womankind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderneſs her ſons conſpire,
And all the children emulate their ſire.
When thro' the ſtreets ſhe gracious deigns to move,
(The public wonder, and the public love),

The tongues of all with tranſport ſound her praiſe;
The eyes of all, as on a goddeſs, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a gen'rous breaſt,
To heal diviſions, to relieve th' oppreſs'd;
In virtue rich; in bleſſing others, bleſs'd.
Go then ſecure, thy humble ſuit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.
With that the goddeſs deign'd no longer ſtay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forſaking Sheria's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore;
Thence, where proud Athens rears her tow'ry head,
With opening ſtreets and ſhining ſtructures ſpread,
She paſs'd, delighted with the well-known ſeats;
And to Erectheus' ſacred dome retreats.
Meanwhile Ulyſſes at the palace waits,
There ſtops, and anxious with his ſoul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant ſplendours gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.
The walls were maſſy braſs: The cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the ſky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incaſe;
The pillars ſilver, on a brazen baſe;
Silver the lintles deep-projecting o'er,
And gold the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of ſtately dogs, on either hand,
In ſculptur'd gold and labour'd ſilver ſtand.
Theſe Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And ſtill to live, beyond the pow'r of years.

Fair thrones within from ſpace to ſpace were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroid'ry blaz'd,
The work of matrons: Theſe the princes preſt,
Day following day, a long-continu'd feaſt.
Refulgent pedeſtals the walls ſurround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The poliſh'd ore, reflecting ev'ry ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the houſhold train;
Some turn the mill, or ſift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their buſy fingers move
Like poplar leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's iſle,
For ſailing arts, and all the naval toil,
Than works of female ſkill their womens pride,
The flying ſhuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to theſe her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and induſtrious arts.
Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
From ſtorms defended and inclement ſkies.
Four acres was th' allotted ſpace of ground,
Fenc'd with a green incloſure all around.
Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mold;
The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe:

The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning cluſters in the ſun;
Others to tread the liquid harveſt join;
The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r deſcry'd,
Here grapes diſcolour'd on the ſunny ſide,
And there in autumn's richeſt purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole proſpect crown'd;
This thro' the gardens leads its ſtreams around,
Viſits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town beſtows;
To various uſe their various ſtreams they bring,
The people one, and one ſupplies the king.
Such were the glories which the gods ordain'd
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief, who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted ſcene ſurpriſe and rapture drew;
In pleaſing thought he ran the proſpect o'er,
Then haſty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace ſtand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepar'd for reſt, and off'ring to the *god
Who bears the virtue of the ſleepy rod.

* Mercury.

Unſeen he glided through the joyous croud,
With darkneſs circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And proſtrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropp'd the veil of night;
Sudden he ſhines, and manifeſt to ſight.
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppreſt;
Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike gueſt.
Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began,
Low at her knees, the much-enduring man,)
To thee, thy conſort, and this royal train,
To all that ſhare the bleſſings of your reign,
A ſuppliant bends: Oh pity human wo!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country ſend,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the gods your better days increaſe,
And all your joys deſcend on all your race;
So reign for ever on your country's breaſt,
Your people's bleſſing, by your people bleſt!
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And, humbled, in the aſhes took his place.
Silence enſu'd. The eldeſt firſt began,
Echeneus ſage, a venerable man!
Whoſe well taught mind the preſent age ſurpaſt,
And join'd to that th' experience of the laſt.
Fit words attended on his weighty ſenſe,
And mild perſuaſion flow'd in eloquence.
Oh ſight (he cry'd) diſhoneſt and unjuſt!
A gueſt, a ſtranger, ſeated in the duſt!
To raiſe the lowly ſuppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around

But wait thy word, the gentle gueſt to grace,
And ſeat him fair in ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
Let firſt the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way;
Then ſet the genial banquet in his view,
And give the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's due.
His ſage advice the liſt'ning king obeys,
He ſtretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raiſe,
And from his ſeat Laodamas remov'd,
(The monarch's offspring, and his beſt belov'd).
There next his ſide the godlike hero ſat;
With ſtars of ſilver ſhone the bed of ſtate.
The golden ew'r a beauteous handmaid brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings,
Whoſe poliſh'd vaſe with copious ſtreams ſupplies
A ſilver laver, of capacious ſize.
The table next in regal order ſpread,
The glitt'ring caniſters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Thus feaſting high, Alcinous gave the ſign,
And bade the herald pour the roſy wine.
Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way.
He ſaid. Pontonous heard the king's command;
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man.
Alcinous then, with aſpect mild, began.
Princes and peers, attend! while we impart
To you the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleas'd and ſatiate, from the ſocial rite
Repair we to the bleſſings of the night;

But with the riſing day, aſſembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious obſerve our hoſpitable laws,
And heav'n propitiate in the ſtranger's cauſe:
Then join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to tranſport him to the wiſh'd-for ſhore:
(How diſtant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the wo),
Meantime, nor harm nor anguiſh let him bear;
This interval heav'n truſts him to our care.
But to his native land our charge reſign'd,
Heav'n is his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then muſt he ſuffer what the fates ordain;
For fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth, are miſery and man!
But if deſcended from th' Olympian bow'r,
Gracious approach us ſome immortal pow'r;
If in that form thou com'ſt a gueſt divine,
Some high event the conſcious gods deſign.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feaſt,
The ſolemn ſacrifice call'd down the gueſt;
Then manifeſt of heav'n the viſion ſtood,
And to our eyes familiar was the god.
Oft with ſome favour'd traveller they ſtray,
And ſhine before him all the deſert way:
With ſocial intercourſe, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celeſtial kind,
By juſtice, truth, and probity of mind;
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth,
Match in fierce wrong, the giant-ſons of earth.

Let no ſuch thought (with modeſt grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) poſſeſs the royal mind.
Alas! a mortal, like thyſelf, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure ſky:
In form, ah how unlike their heav'nly kind?
How more inferior in the gifts of mind?
Alas, a mortal! moſt oppreſs'd of thoſe
Whom fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a ſad train of miſeries alone
Diſtinguiſh'd long, and ſecond now to none!
By heav'n's high will compell'd from ſhore to ſhore;
With heav'n's high will prepar'd to ſuffer more.
What hiſtories of toil could I declare?
But ſtill long-weary'd nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and ſhrunk with pining faſt,
My craving bowels ſtill require repaſt.
Howe'er the noble, ſuff'ring mind may grieve
Its load of anguiſh, and diſdain to live;
Neceſſity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is inſolent, and will be fed.
But finiſh, oh ye peers! what you propoſe,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleas'd will I ſuffer all the gods ordain,
To ſee my ſoil, my ſon, my friends, again.
That view vouchſaf'd, let inſtant death ſurpriſe
With ever-during ſhade theſe happy eyes!

Th' aſſembled peers with gen'ral praiſe approv'd
His pleaded reaſon, and the ſuit he mov'd.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs.
Ulyſſes in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: Beſide him, on a ſplendid throne
Divine Arete and Alcinous ſhone.

The queen, on nearer view, the gueſt ſurvey'd
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder ſeen. Then thus began,
Her words addreſſing to the godlike man.

Cam'ſt thou not hither, wondrous ſtranger! ſay,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of ſea?
Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely air?
And robes like theſe, ſo recent and ſo fair?

Hard is the taſk, oh princeſs! you impoſe,
(Thus ſighing ſpoke the man of many woes),
The long, the mournful ſeries to relate
Of all my ſorrows, ſent by heav'n and fate!
Yet what you aſk, attend. An iſland lies
Beyond theſe tracks, and under other ſkies,
Ogygia nam'd, in ocean's wat'ry arms:
Where dwells Calypſo, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from gods or men ſhe holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.
Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore
Unbleſs'd! to tread that interdicted ſhore:
When Jove tremendous in the ſable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our ſcatter'd ſhips:
Then, all my fleet, and all my foll'wers loſt,
Sole on a plank, on boiling ſurges toſt,
Heav'n drove my wreck th' Ogygian iſle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the goddeſs there with open arms,
She brib'd my ſtay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and wo.
But all her blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
To baniſh from my breaſt my country's love.

I ſtay reluctant ſev'n continu'd years,
And water her ambroſial couch with tears.
The eighth, ſhe voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
A raft was form'd to croſs the ſurging ſea;
Herſelf ſupply'd the ſtores and rich array;
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In ſev'nteen days appear'd your pleaſing coaſt,
And woody mountains half in vapours loſt.
Joy touch'd my ſoul: my ſoul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;
The wild winds whiſtle, and the billows roar;
The ſplitting raft the furious tempeſt tore;
And ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
Soon as their rage ſubſides, the ſeas I brave
With naked force, and ſhoot along the wave,
To reach this iſle: But there my hopes were loſt;
The ſurge impell'd me on a craggy coaſt.
I choſe the ſafer ſea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the ſhelter of the neighb'ring wood.
'Twas night; and cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my ſenſes in the death of ſleep.
All night I ſlept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd, and Phoebus ſhin'd in vain:
Nor till oblique he ſlop'd his ev'ning ray,
Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the ſhore I heard:
A maid amidſt them, goddeſs-like, appear'd:
To her I ſu'd, ſhe pity'd my diſtreſs;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue leſs.

Who from ſuch youth could hope conſid'rate care?
In youth and beauty wiſdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with juſt ſupplies
My wants, and lent theſe robes that ſtrike your eyes.
This is the truth: And oh, ye pow'rs on high!
Forbid that want ſhould ſink me to a lie.

To this the king. Our daughter but expreſt
Her cares imperfect to our godlike gueſt.
Suppliant to her, ſince firſt he choſe to pray,
Why not herſelf did ſhe conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?

Hero and king! (Ulyſſes thus reply'd),
Nor blame her faultleſs, nor ſuſpect of pride:
She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
But fear and rev'rence did my ſteps detain,
Leſt raſh ſuſpicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and miſtaking kind.

Far from my ſoul (he cry'd) the gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and ſuſpicion baſe!
Whate'er is honeſt, ſtranger, I approve;
And would to Phoebus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my ſon.
In ſuch alliance couldſt thou wiſh to join,
A palace ſtor'd with treaſures ſhould be thine.
But, if reluctant, who ſhall force thy ſtay?
Jove bids to ſet the ſtranger on his way,
And ſhips ſhall wait thee with the morning-ray.
Till then let ſlumber cloſe thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners ſhall watch the ſkies,
And ſeize the moment when the breezes riſe;
Then gently waft thee to the pleaſing ſhore,
Where thy ſoul reſts, and labour is no more.

Far as Eubaea tho' thy country lay,
Our ſhips with eaſe tranſport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's * giant ſon to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:
This land, from whence their morning-courſe begun,
Saw them returning with the ſetting ſun.
Your eyes ſhall witneſs and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dext'rous, and how fleet our ſail,
When juſtly tim'd with equal ſweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracts below.
Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,
But thus to heav'n, (and heav'nward lifts his eyes):
O Jove! oh father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! ſacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory ſhine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!
Meantime Arete, for the hour of reſt
Ordains the fleecy couch, and cov'ring veſt:
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets ſpread with buſy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they paſt,
And finiſh'd all their queen's command with haſte:
Then gave the ſignal to the willing gueſt:
He roſe with pleaſure, and retir'd to reſt.
There, ſoft extended, to the murm'ring ſound
Of the high porch, Ulyſſes ſleeps profound!
Within, releas'd from cares, Alcinous lies;
And faſt beſide, were clos'd Arete's eyes.

* Tityus.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALCINOUS calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games, the race, the wrestling, discus, &c. where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of his guest, his name, parentage, and fortunes.

BOOK VIII.

NOW fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Roſe inſtant from the ſlumbers of the night;
Then to the council-ſeat they bend their way,
And fill the ſhining thrones along the bay.
Meanwhile Minerva, in her guardian care,
Shoots from the ſtarry vault through fields of air;
In form, a herald of the king ſhe flies
From peer to peer, and thus inceſſant cries.
Nobles and chiefs who rule Phaeacia's ſtates,
The king in council your attendance waits:
A prince of grace divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown ſeas arriv'd from unknown ſhores.
She ſpoke, and ſudden with tumultuous ſounds
Of thronging multitudes the ſhore rebounds:
At once the ſeats they fill: And ev'ry eye
Gaz'd as before ſome brother of the ſky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She ſheds celeſtial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe;
With ſtrength, the future prize of fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glitt'ring throne Alcinous roſe;
Attend, (he cry'd), while we our will diſcloſe.
Your preſent aid this godlike ſtranger craves,
Toſs'd by rude tempeſts through a war of waves;

Perhaps from realms that view the riſing day,
Or nations ſubject to the weſtern ray.
Then grant, what here all ſons of wo obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain):
Be choſen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vaſt profound, and bid the veſſel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order ev'ry oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Inſtant, you ſailors, to this taſk attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers, aſcend;
Let none to ſtrangers honours due diſclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the bard of fame,
Taught by the gods to pleaſe, when high he ſings
The vocal lay, reſponſive to the ſtrings.

Thus ſpoke the prince: Th' attending peers obey;
In ſtate they move; Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies.
At once the ſailors to their charge ariſe:
They launch the veſſel, and unfurl the ſails,
And ſtretch the ſwelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gath'ring throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:
Now all acceſſes to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choiceſt of the herd, are kill'd:
Two beeves, twelve fatlings from the flock they bring
To crown the feaſt; ſo wills the bounteous king.
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The ſacred maſter of celeſtial ſong;
Dear to the muſe! who gave his days to flow
With mighty bleſſings, mix'd with mighty wo:
With clouds of darkneſs quench'd his viſual ray,
But gave him ſkill to raiſe the lofty lay.

High on a radiant throne ſublime in ſtate,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he ſat:
With ſilver ſhone the throne; his lyre well ſtrung
To rapt'rous ſounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Before his ſeat a poliſh'd table ſhines,
And a full goblet foams with gen'rous wines:
His food a herald bore. And now they fed;
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then fir'd by all the muſe, aloud he ſings
The mighty deeds of demigods and kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble ſong aroſe,
That made Ulyſſes and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feaſt they doom the fall of Troy;
The ſtern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For heav'n foretold the conteſt, when he trod
The marble threſhold of the Delphic god,
Curious to learn the counſels of the ſky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.
Touch'd at the ſong, Ulyſſes ſtraight reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple veſt he drew,
Induſtrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the muſic paus'd, he ceas'd to ſhed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head;
And lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Tranſported with the ſong, the liſt'ning train
Again with loud applauſe demand the ſtrain:
Again Ulyſſes veil'd his penſive head,
Again unmann'd a ſhow'r of ſorrow ſhed:
Conceal'd he wept: The king obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:

Then to the bard aloud; O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious ſtring:
Enough the feaſt has pleas'd, enough the pow'r
Of heav'nly ſong has crown'd the genial hour!
Inceſſant in the games your ſtrength diſplay;
Conteſt, ye brave, the honours of the day!
That pleas'd th' admiring ſtranger may proclaim
In diſtant regions the Phaeacian fame.
None wield the gauntlet with ſo dire a ſway,
Or ſwifter in the race devour the way;
None in the leap ſpring with ſo ſtrong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wreſtling, preſs the ground.

Thus ſpoke the king; th' attending peers obey:
In ſtate they move; Alcinous leads the way:
His golden lyre Demodocus, unſtrung,
High on a column in the palace hung;
And guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majeſtic to the liſts of fame repairs.

Now ſwarms the populace, a countleſs throng!
Youth and hoar age: And man drives man along.
The games begin: Ambitious of the prize,
Acroneus, Thoon, and Eretmeus riſe;
The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of fame:
There Proreus, Nautes, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir.
Euryalus like Mars terrific roſe,
When clad in wrath he withers hoſts of foes:
Naubolides with grace unequall'd ſhone,
Or equall'd by Laodamas alone.
With theſe came forth Ambaſineus the ſtrong;
And three brave ſons from great Alcinous ſprung.

Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand,
Start from the goal, and vaniſh o'er the ſtrand:
Swift as on wings of wind upborn they fly,
And drifts of riſing duſt involve the ſky.
Before the reſt, what ſpace the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox from plough to plough,
Clytoneus ſprung: He wing'd the rapid way,
And bore th' unrival'd honours of the day.
With fierce embrace the brawny wreſtlers join;
The conqueſt, great Euryalus, is thine.
Amphialus ſprung forward with a bound,
Superior in the leap, a length of ground.
From Elatreus' ſtrong arm the diſcus flies,
And ſings with unmatch'd force along the ſkies.
And Laodame whirls high, with dreadful ſway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.
While thus the peerage in the games contends,
In act to ſpeak, Laodamas aſcends:
O friends, he cries, the ſtranger ſeems well ſkill'd
To try th' illuſtrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave: Then grant the brave man's claim,
Invite the hero to his ſhare of fame.
What nervous arms he boaſts! how firm his tread!
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his ſhoulders ſpread!
By age unbroke!—but all-conſuming care
Deſtroys perhaps the ſtrength that time would ſpare:
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms!
Man muſt decay, when man contends with ſtorms.
Well haſt thou ſpoke, (Euryalus replies),
Thine is the gueſt, invite him thou to riſe.
Swift at the word, advancing from the croud,
He made obeiſance, and thus ſpoke aloud.

Vouchſafes the rev'rend ſtranger to diſplay
His manly worth, and ſhare the glorious day?
Father, ariſe! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the ſolemn games.
To fame ariſe! for what more fame can yield
Than the ſwift race, or conflict of the field?
Steal from corroding care one tranſient day,
To glory give the ſpace thou haſt to ſtay.
Short is the time; and lo! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
To whom with ſighs Ulyſſes gave reply:
Ah, why th' ill-ſuiting paſtime muſt I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay ſports with troubled hearts agree.
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who ſuppliant to the king and peers, implores
A ſpeedy voyage to his native ſhores.
Wide wanders, Laodame, thy erring tongue,
The ſports of glory to the brave belong,
(Retorts Euryalus): he boaſts no claim
Among the great, unlike the ſons of fame.
A wand'ring merchant he frequents the main,
Some mean ſea-farer in purſuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well ſkill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.
Incens'd Ulyſſes with a frown replies,
O forward to proclaim thy ſoul unwiſe!
With partial hands the gods their gifts diſpenſe:
Some greatly think, ſome ſpeak with manly ſenſe;
Here heav'n an elegance of form denies,
But wiſdom the defect of form ſupplies:

This man with energy of thought controuls,
And ſteals with modeſt violence our ſouls;
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worſe;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And as he moves the gazing croud reveres:
While others beauteous as th' aetherial kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward ſhow heav'n gives thee to excel,
But heav'n denies the praiſe of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my gen'rous ſoul reſents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exerciſe, I claim
A poſt of honour with the ſons of fame:
Such was my boaſt, while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care ſurrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In ſcenes of death, by tempeſt and by war.
Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.——Slander ſtings the brave.
Then ſtriding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground;
By far more pond'rous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phaeacia's ſons diſcharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings;
Sonorous through the ſhaded air it ſings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempeſtuous as it flies,
The croud gaze upward while it cleaves the ſkies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down-ruſhing, it up-turns a hill of ground.
That inſtant Pallas, burſting from a cloud,
Fix'd a diſtinguiſh'd mark, and cry'd aloud.

Ev'n he who ſightleſs wants his viſual ray,
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy ſignal throw tranſcends the utmoſt bound
Of ev'ry champion, by a length of ground:
Securely bid the ſtrongeſt of the train
Ariſe to throw: The ſtrongeſt throw in vain.
She ſpoke; and momentary mounts the ſky:
The friendly voice Ulyſſes hears with joy;
Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride).
Riſe, ye Phaeacians, try your force, he cry'd;
If with this throw the ſtrongeſt caſter vie,
Still, further, ſtill I bid the diſcus fly.
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or you, the ſwifteſt racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wreſtlers, who theſe paſtimes grace!
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.
In ſuch heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone:
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtyle him friend.
Ungen'rous were the man, and baſe of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part:
Chiefly the man, in forcign realms confin'd,
Baſe to his friend, to his own int'reſt blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy;
Give me a man, that we our might may try.
Expert in ev'ry art, I boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
Should a whole hoſt at once diſcharge the bow,
My well-aim'd ſhaft with death prevents the foe;
Alone ſuperior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the ſhaft to fly;

From all the ſons of earth unrival'd praiſe
I juſtly claim; but yield to better days,
To thoſe fam'd days when great Alcides roſe,
And Eurytus, who bade the gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime;
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durſt defy the bowyer-god):
In fighting fields as far the ſpear I throw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the conteſt I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints, and I reſign
By ſtorms and hunger worn: Age well may fail,
When ſtorms and hunger both at once aſſail.

Abaſh'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
Till great Alcinous mildly thus began.

Well haſt thou ſpoke, and well thy gen'rous tongue
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, ſecure in men of ſenſe:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
In diſtant realms our glorious deeds diſplay,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
When bleſs'd with eaſe, thy woes and wand'rings end,
Teach them thy conſort, bid thy ſons attend:
How lov'd of Jove, he crown'd our fires with praiſe;
How we their offspring dignify our race.

Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boaſt the glories of th' athletic field;
We in the courſe unrival'd ſpeed diſplay,
Or through caerulean billows plough the way;

To dreſs, to dance, to ſing, our ſole delight,
The feaſt or bath by day, and love by night:
Riſe then, ye ſkill'd in meaſures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a diſtant air;
And faithful ſay, to you the pow'rs belong
To race, to ſail, to dance, to chant the ſong.
But, herald, to the palace ſwift repair,
And the ſoft lyre to grace our paſtimes bear.
Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up roſe nine ſeniors, choſen to ſurvey
The future games, the judges of the day:
With inſtant care they mark a ſpacious round,
And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
The herald bears the lyre: Intent to play,
The bard advancing meditates the lay.
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
Graceful before the heav'nly minſtrel ſtand;
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they riſe,
Their feet, half-viewleſs, quiver in the ſkies:
Ulyſſes gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey
The glancing ſplendours as their ſandals play.
Meantime the bard, alternate to the ſtrings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea ſings;
How the ſtern god, enamour'd with her charms,
Claſp'd the gay panting goddeſs in his arms,
By bribes ſeduc'd: And how the Sun, whoſe eye
Views the broad heav'ns, diſclos'd the lawleſs joy.
Stung to the ſoul, indignant through the ſkies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies;
Arriv'd, his ſinewy arms inceſſant place
Th' eternal anvil on the maſſy baſe.

A wondrous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong! then inſtant bears
To his immortal dome the finiſh'd ſnares.
Above, below, around, with art diſpread,
The ſure incloſure folds the genial bed;
Whoſe texture ev'n the ſearch of gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the ſpeader weaves.
Then, as withdrawing from the ſtarry bow'rs,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian ſhores,
His fav'rite iſle! Obſervant Mars deſcries
His wiſh'd receſs, and to the goddeſs flies;
He glows, he burns: The fair-hair'd queen of love
Deſcends ſmooth-gliding from the courts of Jove,
Gay blooming in full charms: Her hand he preſs'd
With eager joy, and with a ſigh addreſs'd.
Come, my belov'd! and taſte the ſoft delights:
Come, to repoſe the genial bed invites:
Thy abſent ſpouſe, neglectful of thy charms,
Prefers his barb'rous Sintians to thy arms!
Then, nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he led,
And ſunk tranſported on the conſcious bed.
Down ruſh'd the toils, enwrapping as they lay
The careleſs lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they ſtrive, th' intangling ſnares deny
(Inextricably firm) the pow'r to fly:
Warn'd by the god who ſheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the ſtarry way:
Arriv'd, he ſees, he grieves, with rage he burns;
Full horrible he roars; his voice all heav'n returns.
O Jove, he cry'd, oh all ye pow'rs above,
See the lewd dalliance of the queen of love!

Me, aukward me, ſhe ſcorns, and yields her charms
To that fair lecher, the ſtrong god of arms.
If I am lame, that ſtain my natal hour
By fate impos'd; ſuch me my parent bore:
Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
O ſight tormenting to an huſband's eyes!
But yet, I truſt, this once ev'n Mars would fly
His fair one's arms—he thinks her, once, too nigh.
But there remain, ye guilty, in my pow'r,
'Till Jove refunds his ſhameleſs daughter's dow'r.
Too dear I priz'd a fair inchanting face:
Beauty unchaſte is beauty in diſgrace.

Meanwhile the gods the dome of Vulcan throng,
Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along,
With theſe gay Hermes trod the ſtarry plain;
But modeſty with-held the goddeſs-train.
All heav'n beholds, impriſon'd as they lie,
And unextinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the ſky.

Then mutual, thus they ſpoke: Behold, on wrong
Swift vengeance waits, and art ſubdues the ſtrong!
Dwells there a god on all th' Olympian brow
More ſwift than Mars, and more than Vulcan ſlow?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the god of arms
Muſt pay the penalty for lawleſs charms.

Thus, ſerious, they: But he who gilds the ſkies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
Wouldſt thou enchain'd, like Mars, oh Hermes, lie,
And bear the ſhame, like Mars, to ſhare the joy?

O envy'd ſhame! (the ſmiling youth rejoin'd);
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye gods, and ev'ry goddeſs gaze,
Yet eager would I bleſs the ſweet diſgrace.

Loud laugh the reſt, ev'n Neptune laughs aloud,
Yet ſues importunate to looſe the god:
And free, (he cries), oh Vulcan! free from ſhame
Thy captives; I enſure the penal claim.
Will Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithleſs truſt?
He ſuffers who gives ſurety for th' unjuſt:
But ſay, if that lewd ſcandal of the ſky
To liberty reſtor'd, perfidious fly;
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct? He inſtant cries,
The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.
To whom appeas'd: No more I urge delay;
When Neptune ſues, my part is to obey.
Then to the ſnares his force the god applies;
They burſt; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the ſoft Cyprian ſhores the goddeſs moves,
To viſit Paphos, and her blooming groves,
Where to the pow'r an hundred altars riſe,
And breathing odours ſcent the balmy ſkies;
Conceal'd, ſhe bathes in conſecrated bow'rs,
The graces unguents ſhed, ambroſial ſhow'rs,
Unguents that charm the gods! ſhe laſt aſſumes
Her wondrous robes; and full the goddeſs blooms.
Thus ſung the bard: Ulyſſes hears with joy,
And loud applauſes rend the vaulted ſky.
Then to the ſports his ſons the king commands;
Each blooming youth before the monarch ſtands,
In dance unmatch'd! A wondrous ball is brought,
(The work of Polybus, divinely wrought).
This youth with ſtrength enormous bids it fly,
And, bending backward, whirls it to the ſky;
His brother, ſpringing with an active bound,
At diſtance intercepts it from the ground:

The ball diſmiſs'd, in dance they ſkim the ſtrand,
Turn and re-turn, and ſcarce imprint the ſand.
Th' aſſembly gazes with aſtoniſh'd eyes,
And ſends in ſhouts applauſes to the ſkies.
Then thus Ulyſſes: Happy king, whoſe name
The brighteſt ſhines in all the rolls of fame:
In ſubjects happy! with ſurpriſe I gaze;
Thy praiſe was juſt; their ſkill tranſcends thy praiſe.
Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch hears,
And thus benevolent accoſts the peers.
Since wiſdom's ſacred guidance he purſues,
Give to the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion ſhare,
O'er whom ſupreme, imperial pow'r I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A veſt, a robe; and imitate your king:
Be ſwift to give; that he this night may ſhare
The ſocial feaſt of joy, with joy ſincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong:
A gen'rous heart repairs a ſland'rous tongue.
Th' aſſenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haſte their heralds ſend the gifts to bring.
Then thus, Euryalus: O prince, whoſe ſway
Rules this bleſs'd realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this ſword, whoſe blade of braſs diſplays
A ruddy gem; whoſe hilt, a ſilver blaze;
Whoſe iv'ry ſheath, inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's ſide.
He ſaid, and to his hand the ſword conſign'd;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind, thoſe words, ye whirlwinds bear,
And ſcatter them, ye ſtorms, in empty air.

Crown, oh ye heav'n's, with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his ſpouſe and native ſhores!
  And bleſs'd be thou, my friend, Ulyſſes cries,
Crown him with ev'ry joy, ye fav'ring ſkies;
To thy calm hours continu'd peace afford,
And never, never mayſt thou want this ſword.
  He ſaid, and o'er his ſhoulder flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth aſcends the evening-ſhade:
The precious gifts th' illuſtrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' ſons unfold
The veſts, the robes, and heaps of ſhining gold:
Then to the radiant thrones they move in ſtate:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial ſat.
  Thence to the queen: O partner of our reign,
O ſole belov'd! command thy menial train
A poliſh'd cheſt and ſtately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare;
That, bath'd, our gueſt may bid his ſorrows ceaſe,
Hear the ſweet ſong, and taſte the feaſt in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourſelf we give, memorial of our name;
To raiſe in off'rings to Almighty Jove,
And ev'ry god that treads the courts above.
  Inſtant the queen, obſervant of the king,
Commands her train a ſpacious vaſe to bring:
The ſpacious vaſe with ample ſtreams ſuffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames ariſe.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace;
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herſelf the cheſt prepares: In order roll'd
The robes, the veſts are rang'd, and heaps of gold:

And adding a rich dreſs inwrought with art,
A gift expreſſive of her bounteous heart,
Thus ſpoke to Ithacus: To guard with bands
Inſolvable theſe gifts, thy care demands:
Leſt, in thy ſlumbers on the wat'ry main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.

Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circaean art. A train attends
Around the bath: The bath the king aſcends:
(Untaſted joy, ſince that diſaſtrous hour
He ſail'd ill-fated from Calypſo's bow'r),
Where, happy as the gods that range the ſky,
He feaſted ev'ry ſenſe with ev'ry joy.
He bathes: The damſels, with officious toil,
Shed ſweets, ſhed unguents, in a ſhow'r of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he ſpreads,
And to the feaſt magnificently treads.
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Nauſicaa blooming as a goddeſs ſtands,
With wond'ring eyes the hero ſhe ſurvey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid.

Hail, godlike ſtranger! and when heav'n reſtores
To thy fond wiſh thy long-expected ſhores,
This ever grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'ſt, to me, the vital air.

O royal maid! Ulyſſes ſtraight returns,
Whoſe worth the ſplendours of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whoſe arm in vengeance forms
The writhen bolt, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms)
Reſtore me ſafe, thro' weary wand'rings toſt,
To my dear country's ever-pleaſing coaſt,

As while the ſpirit in this boſom glows,
To thee, my goddeſs, I addreſs my vows.
My life, thy gift, I boaſt! He ſaid, and ſat,
Faſt by Alcinous, on a throne of ſtate.
Now each partakes the feaſt, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion ſhares.
The bard an herald guides: The gazing throng
Pay low obeiſance as he moves along:
Beneath a ſculptur'd arch he ſits enthron'd,
The peers encircling, form an awful round.
Then from the chine Ulyſſes carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part:
This let the maſter of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the ſpacious ſkies,
Who ſacred honours to the bard denies?
The muſe the bard inſpires, exalts his mind;
The muſe indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.
The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flatt'ry, nor unpleas'd with praiſe.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the lyriſt wiſe Ulyſſes ſaid.
O more than man! thy ſoul the muſe inſpires,
Or Phoebus animates with all his fires:
For who by Phoebus uninform'd, could know
The wo of Greece, and ſing ſo well the wo?
Juſt to the tale, as preſent at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day!
The ſong recalls paſt horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her aſhes riſe.
Once more harmonious ſtrike the ſounding ſtring,
Th' Epaean fabric, fram'd by Pallas, ſing:

How ſtern Ulyſſes, furious to deſtroy,
With latent heroes ſack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of fame,
The god himſelf inſpires thy breaſt with flame:
And mine ſhall be the taſk, henceforth to raiſe,
In ev'ry land, thy monument of praiſe.
Full of the god, he rais'd his lofty ſtrain,
How the Greeks ruſh'd tumultuous to the main:
How blazing tents illumin'd half the ſkies,
While from the ſhores the winged navy flies:
How ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the ſtern Greeks by Troy's aſſiſting hands:
All Troy up-heav'd the ſteed; of diff'ring mind,
Various the Trojans counſell'd; part conſign'd
The monſter to the ſword; part ſentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th' unwiſe award to lodge it in the tow'rs,
An off'ring ſacred to th' immortal pow'rs:
Th' unwiſe prevail, they lodge it in the walls,
And by the gods decree proud Ilion falls;
Deſtruction enters in the treach'rous wood,
And vengeful ſlaughter, fierce for human blood.
He ſung the Greeks ſtern-iſſuing from the ſteed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! aſcends
The Spartan king; how Ithacus attends,
(Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
He fights, ſubdues: For Pallas ſtrings his arms.
Thus while he ſung, Ulyſſes' griefs renew;
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:
As ſome fond matron views in mortal fight
Her huſband falling in his country's right:

Frantic thro' claſhing ſwords ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
As ghaſtly pale he groans, and faints, and dies:
Cloſe to his breaſt ſhe grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, ſhe ſhrieks; the fierce inſulting foe
Relentleſs mocks her violence of wo,
To chains condemn'd, as wildly ſhe deplores;
A widow, and a ſlave on foreign ſhores!
So from the ſluices of Ulyſſes' eyes
Faſt fell the tears, and ſighs ſucceeded ſighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: The king obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful ſtring:
To ev'ry note his tears reſponſive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe;
Thy lay too deeply moves: Then ceaſe thy lay,
And o'er the banquet ev'ry heart be gay:
This ſocial right demands: For him the ſails,
Floating in air, invite th' impelling gales:
His are the gifts of love: The wiſe and good
Receive the ſtranger as a brother's blood.
But, friend, diſcover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour diſtinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims):
Say from what city, from what regions toſt,
And what inhabitants thoſe regions boaſt?
So ſhalt thou inſtant reach the realm aſſign'd,
In wondrous ſhips ſelf-mov'd, inſtinct with mind;

No helm ſecures their courſe, no pilot guides;
Like man intelligent, they plough the tides,
Conſcious of ev'ry coaſt, and ev'ry bay,
That lies beneath the ſun's all-ſeeing ray;
Tho' clouds and darkneſs veil th' encumber'd ſky,
Fearleſs thro' darkneſs and thro' clouds they fly:
Tho' tempeſts rage, tho' rolls the ſwelling main,
The ſeas may roll, the tempeſts rage in vain;
Ev'n the ſtern god that o'er the waves preſides,
Safe as they paſs, and ſafe repaſs the tides,
With fury burns; while careleſs they convey
Promiſcuous ev'ry gueſt to ev'ry bay.
Theſe ears have heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory, big with future woes,
How Neptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
Firm rooted in the ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand
A monument of wrath: How mound on mound
Should bury theſe proud tow'rs beneath the ground.
But this the gods may fruſtrate or fullfil,
As ſuits the purpoſe of th' eternal will.
But ſay thro' what waſte regions haſt thou ſtray'd,
What cuſtoms noted, and what coaſts ſurvey'd?
Poſſeſs'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy boſom, and why flow'd thy tears?
Juſt are the ways of heav'n: From heav'n proceed
The woes of man; heav'n doom'd the Greeks to bleed,
A theme of future ſong! Say then if ſlain
Some dear-lov'd brother preſs'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled ſome friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

THE END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

C

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Homerus, ca. v8. Jh.

The Odyssey of Homer

Bd.: 1

Edinburgh (1773)
P.o.angl. 284-26
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748244-5